Breeding Stock

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Breeding Stock

by Anonymous

Summary

> “Frankly it’s just as well for my purposes that you’re a pretty poor example of a priest. Truly godly men would make poor breeding stock for monsters. But you, Father Lecter, you’re a monster yourself, aren’t you? By my calculations, that makes you the best man for the job.”

Notes

> Lots of weird shit here, check the tags and know that the tags will just keep getting filthier as I go along. Chapter two will feature the ravenstag, and from then on lots of preg stuff, hellhounds, etc.

The Demon and the Priest

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The first time Hannibal saw him, he was loitering outside the church. Hannibal was chatting with one of the parishioners after Mass and caught sight of the stranger, a handsome younger man with curly brown hair and a slight smile on his lips. It didn't take long to realize the man was staring rather openly, and Hannibal ended up excusing himself from the small chat and walking over introduce himself.

"Is there anything I can help you with?" he asked.

"I'm new to the area, just thought I'd stop by and introduce myself."

"Then welcome," Hannibal said with a polite smile. "Father Hannibal Lecter, pleased to meet you."

He reached forward to shake hands, and Will mirrored the gesture, hand very warm to the touch.

"Likewise. You can call me Will." He glanced down at Hannibal's black cassock and starched white clerical collar. "I take it from your clothes that you're a more traditional congregation? Most of the priests I see nowadays are in button-down shirts."

"In some ways. I prefer a bit of tradition, so I do wear the cassock, but only on Sundays. Other days of the week I only wear my collar to evidence my consecration to God."

"A noble vocation," Will said, though his tone was somewhat dry.

Hannibal tilted his head slightly at the tone, but chose to ignore it. "Would you like a tour? I'd be happy to show you around."

"No time at the moment, unfortunately," Will said. "But I'll definitely be back."

He excused himself and walked away, and Hannibal was left with the distinct impression that there was something odd about this man that he couldn't quite put his finger on.

He did leave his scent hanging in the air, some dreadfully over-spiced cologne with a smoky base. Hannibal wrinkled his nose; it smelled like how he imagined the pits of hell would smell, minus the blood and bile.

If the man returned again, he must remember to recommend a finer aftershave.

Will did return the next week, again immediately after Mass.

“You should really come in and sit for a service to see if it’s to your liking,” Hannibal said. “Unless you just like the view from the street.”

Will’s smile spread wider. “Not a bad view from where I’m standing,” he said, and Hannibal tilted his head at the shameless note of flirtation in his voice. He didn’t particularly mind, but most would not be so bold.

“Are you not a church-going man, then?”

“Wouldn’t be how I’d describe myself, no,” Will said with a slight chuckle.

“Are you hoping to change that, or just gain some other form of entertainment?”

“Ah, entertainment,” Will said, smile widening again. You’re fond of entertainment too, aren’t you? Your little extracurriculars.”

Hannibal frowned. “I’m not sure what you—”

“Don’t lie. Come here now.”

There was something in the way he said it that slithered around him like silken chains, and he found himself not just unable to resume his protest, but walking cooperatively toward Will until he was in easy reach and Will reached and touched his forehead.

Hannibal saw nothing but a blur of light-splotched brown and green until his head stopped spinning and he realized he was in a forest. His first thought was that he must have been drugged, though he wasn’t familiar with whatever the substance might be, and he had no recollection of anything that had happened between now and speaking to Will outside the church.

The air was bracing. Ozonic and dense with pine, he would assume at a high altitude. Not far away, he saw a small wood cabin, with a sizeable fire pit outside.

“Welcome to your new home,” Will said. “It’s a bit sparse, but it’s more comfortable than sleeping out in the open, even for me. And my hounds appreciate a nice nap by the fire when it gets wet and cold.”

Just on cue, Hannibal saw a giant hulking shape round the corner and trot toward them. If Hannibal hadn’t just heard “hound” he might have mistaken it for a rather small bear rather than a large dog. It looked to be perhaps four feet at the shoulder, and hefty with muscle. The coarse black hair along its spine bristled when it saw Hannibal, and its nose twitched suspiciously. It flashed its jagged teeth. Its eyes seemed to gleam red in the sunlight.

“Easy there, boy,” Will said, clicking his tongue sharply. “You’ll want to be nice to this one.”

The dog stopped snarling, but his hackles stayed raised, and he gave them a wide berth as Will brought Hannibal inside the cabin.

“Don’t mind him,” Will said. “You’ll have a chance to get very familiar with him later, but he doesn’t take well to strangers. Doesn’t help that you still have the stink of frankincense

clinging to you—it's enough to make any creature of hell wary."

"Creature of hell?" Hannibal looked around the cabin, but it looked suspiciously normal, though sparse, as Will had said. "Am I to take it you're some form of demon, then?"

"That's one word for me, sure. Many priests would have gotten a bad feeling about me the first time we met, but you're not most priests, are you?" He smiled, and his teeth looked sharper than they had when they first met. He led Hannibal to a cot in the corner of the room and pointed to it. "Sit, and don't cause a fuss."

He attached cuffs to Hannibal's hands and feet that were chained to a ring sunken into the floorboards that looked depressingly secure.

"I can compel you to stay, but it's a pain in the ass to keep up the mental control 24/7, so this is just some extra security."

"And what does a demon such as yourself want with a priest?" Hannibal asked. "And how have you managed to compel me? You shouldn't be able to hold sway over a man of God, or tolerate the touch of the cloth."

Will smirked. "Considering your extracurricular activities, I'm not sure you could *really* be considered a man of God, could you, Father Lecter? And your…" He waved a hand vaguely. "… accessories have little effect on anything with a certain amount of power. If I was a minor imp I'd have been scalded, but I'm not."

"That only answers part of my question." At the moment, he was not frightened, simply irritated and wary, but he was sure things could get far worse with a demon involved.

"The other part of the question is an interesting story." Will stood back and surveyed him. "You see, I don't make a habit of entering human society. I'm fine with isolation and a few of my creatures. But I am *fascinated* by some of you humans, especially the more unusual psychiatric variations, and like to keep an eye on things from a distance. Serial murder is a good way to catch my attention, and I noticed some murders that were particularly artful."

Hannibal did not allow surprise to appear on his face, though it was clear he had been found out.

"It wasn't hard to track the energy signatures at the scene. And finding the killer's trail leading straight to a church was pretty amusing, especially when I figured out who, specifically, it led to. I spent a while watching you in your natural habitat, and I have to say, I admire it. Not just your intelligence and talent at murder, but being able to do all those dreadful things at night and then get back in the pulpit the next morning talking all high and mighty about God, charming as anything. Disembowelment, organ theft, and downright theatrical displays—you sure do know how to get a demon's attention."

"They were sinners," Hannibal said dismissively. "People who revealed things in confessional that went far beyond what a Hail Mary could have redeemed. They were a blight, and I transformed them, elevated them to works of art. As a demon, you surely can't fault me for overzealousness."

“You’re not overzealous, Father. You’re simply using scripture as a structure to mold your sadism. And you are fond of that structure, I can tell, though more so the trappings of it. The Latin, the rituals. But your particular *tastes* predate your interest in anything Biblical. No use lying to me, I’m particularly good at seeing past superficial deception.”

Hannibal met his gaze unblinking. The superficial warmth and charm that they both had displayed when they first met had evaporated, and there was a chill in the room.

“So you kidnapped me because I intrigue you?”

“I kidnapped you because I have use for you. I like to collect creatures like the hellhound you met outside, and I’m looking to expand my herd. Fresh blood.” He tilted his head slightly. “The fact that you’re a priest isn’t the point, though I do find the irony amusing. Frankly it’s just as well for my purposes that you’re a pretty poor example of a priest. Truly godly men would make poor breeding stock for monsters. But you, Father Lecter, you’re a monster yourself, aren’t you? By my calculations, that makes you the best man for the job.”

“I’m afraid I don’t understand what you mean. Monster is a relative term, of course. But breeding?”

Will grinned, showing off the sharp points of his canines. “Well, my monsters are a much more literal kind of monster than you are—the more animalistic inhabitants of hell and adjacent dimensions, usually demon-bred. They tend to stick to the shadows in this realm, but I make sure these woods are a safe haven for them, and the shadow elk and hellhounds are permanent residents. And when I say *breed* I mean that literally, too. Starting with the elk. Hybridization has interested me for a while, but until now I hadn’t found a human who interested me enough to go through the effort involved.”

“You expect these creatures to be able to reproduce with human sperm?”

“Oh no, Father. They won’t be carrying the offspring. *You* will.”

It took Hannibal a moment of ringing silence to be able to comprehend what he was saying, and even then it didn’t compute. “I think you may have a misunderstanding of my anatomy if you expect me to be able to carry any offspring, let alone that of a monster.”

Will’s grin just got wider. “You clearly have a misunderstanding of demons if you think I can’t make it happen.”

A true feeling of unease wormed its way through him for the first time, and his jaw clenched. He waited for an explanation, but Will was clearly not going to say more until he asked.

“Do you care to explain?” he asked in a very cold voice.

“Of course. Demons are shapeshifters by nature, so our reproductive abilities developed to ensure compatibility with a wide range of potential mates. So an infusion of our DNA inspires a certain flexibility in any recipient—at least where demons and other hell-born creatures are concerned. Your body will change to accommodate that. More specifically…”

He stepped forward and grasped Hannibal's cassock, forcing open some buttons. Hannibal growled at the nerve, but still found himself unable to respond under the compulsion to not cause a fuss. His stomach was clenched with anger, but Will still gave his belly an almost affectionate pat. "It will give you a brand new womb in here so you can carry my pets' offspring. Might even give *these*—" He shifted lower, shoving his hand between his thighs to grope his balls. "—a power down so you don't get any ideas about spreading your seed elsewhere."

Hannibal swallowed, trying to suppress the fizzle of anxiety at those words. "And by infusion, are you speaking of a blood transfusion?"

"Well, that's one solution. But in this case, Father, I'm speaking of you drinking my cum." Will wet his lips, and it was only then that Hannibal noticed the forked tip of his tongue. Then Will, with a hand in his hair to keep him steady, leaned in and licked that forked tongue all the way up the side of his face. Hannibal flinched slightly at the uncomfortable intimacy with this infernal creature, but he could do little more than that.

"*On your knees*," Will said, and Hannibal once again felt the words wrap around his psyche like silk rope, smooth but unyielding. He tried to resist, throwing all his mental weight into staying in place, but he crumpled under the force of the compulsion and knelt down before him.

He stared resolutely at the floor, but Will tugged his hair to meet his gaze, which he knew was burning with anger. Will only smiled back though, looking terribly pleased. "I hope you pass that stubborn temper on to your children."

He didn't use magic to force Hannibal's mouth open, instead using the force of his fingers to pry his jaw wide and pinch his cheeks between his back teeth so a bite would sever his own flesh. He was unused to such indignity, but this alone must not have satisfied Will, because he pushed even further. He leaned in and licked, catching Hannibal's tongue between the forks of his own and teasing it. He extended it beyond human capacities, until Hannibal felt it tickle his tonsils and force a small gag reflex, along with a surprised grunt.

Then Will pulled his pants down and pulled out his cocks, and Hannibal blinked in shock. Because it was, in fact, plural. Like the hemipenes of serpents, there were two of them, lying neatly together and bearing nubs like fleshy spines down their lengths.

"Didn't it occur to you that I might have more snake attributes than just the forked tongue?" Will asked with a playful tilt of his head.

"I heard demons are shapeshifting creatures that favor the form of serpents. I never read anything discussing their genitals." He gave Will's cocks a long, considerate look. "Under different circumstances, dare I say, I might have been favorably impressed. I can appreciate unconventional beauty."

"And I appreciate your appreciation. I considered going the old-fashioned seduction route, but I got a bit impatient. I could shift their form just like the rest of me, but personally, if I'm going to take human form I'd rather have the extra cocks. Wouldn't you?"

Will took his time getting them hard, rubbing them against both cheeks simultaneously. Then he pulled them together in his hand and ordered, "*Don't bite.*"

Hannibal felt murderous, but when Will stuffed his mouth full of both cocks, he had no choice. He held his mouth as wide as possible to avoid his teeth digging in and biting accidentally, and the full width of his jaw was needed to accommodate the girth of two cocks at once. Unable to form a seal around them, it wasn't long before saliva began spilling out the corner of his lips and down his chin.

Will didn't bother dragging it out. He fucked Hannibal's mouth roughly and enthusiastically, drawing odd gurgles from his throat as tears squeezed out of the corners of his eyes. The assault of sensation, the strange taste of him and the rapid clenching of his throat as it was battered, it all left his brain buzzing and empty of any thought but the physical. Then he grasped Hannibal's starched white clerical collar and held him in place as he came down his throat.

"Swallow it *all*," he commanded.

Hannibal did his best, drinking it down quickly and clumsily, teeth digging in slightly despite his best efforts as he nearly choked on the copious amount. It was impossible to ignore the fact that this was the very liquid that was going to permanently alter his body to fit this demon's whims. To *breed*. And when he felt the wetness on his lips he still had the pressure of compulsion beating through his skull, forcing his traitorous tongue out to lick them clean so he could truly swallow *all* of it. He could sense Will's delight when he did so.

Then Will pointed at the floor. "Missed a spot," he said, all too smug, and Hannibal's eyes flickered down to see a few drops that had fallen.

He felt pressure between his shoulder blades as if a hand was physically shoving him down. He gritted his teeth and hissed before succumbing and bending down to lick the floorboards clean of the final drops.

When he sat up again, Will gave his scalp an affectionate scratch as if he were a simple hound. "Good boy. Who would've thought a priest could be such a hungry cum slut?"

Hannibal snarled at him, itching to bite. But Will just tutted his tongue and gave him a slap. "Don't give me attitude. I'm used to wrangling hellhounds, you don't scare me. And it's not all bad. Your body will change, but you'll heal faster, age slower. Just give that a while to sink in."

Hannibal ground his teeth. "And how long can I expect this process to take?"

"It should move pretty quickly, though it'll take a couple days until you're in good breeding condition. I'll unbind your wrists overnight so you can get a bit more comfortable, but don't try anything nasty, or I'll consider amputating your hands entirely."

Hannibal got the feeling this was not an idle threat. Will didn't seem to sleep anyway, instead settling in the living room with a book in hand, and soon joined by several enormous hounds who let themselves in the front door. Even later, he walked outside and lit a fire, and

Hannibal could see the glow distorted by his shape and the shapes of even more hounds who were soon attracted to the flame. So although Hannibal checked the security of their shackles and confirmed the challenge they posed in breaking free, he didn’t attempt to break loose. At least, not yet.

Chapter End Notes

Vote if you think Will should carry out his threat to cut off Hannibal's hands. ;)

The Shadow Elk

Chapter Notes

Time to get really filthy. Tags have been updated.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Even to an outsider, it was clear the transformation was uncomfortable. Though Hannibal seemed resilient to pain, the next morning Will found him lying in bed, grabbing at his stomach and groaning, and barely responsive to Will's presence. He was covered in sweat but didn't feel particularly warm to the touch, and Will suspected it was due to pain, perhaps abdominal cramping from the growth of new organs. He paid no attention when Will asked how he felt, and even as Will stripped him of his superfluous layers and underwear, he barely did anything but shift uncomfortably. Will did, however, leave his cassock in place. The priest's collar was meant to symbolize consecration and obedience to God, and his amusement at defiling supposedly consecrated territory would only intensify once the priest was fully rendered subservient to him, a demon's pretty little breeding bitch.

Will had done away with his own clothing for time being, not caring to keep it now that he didn't need to blend into a crowd of humans. His temperature burned warm anyway, a blessing of his birth in hellfire, so he had no need for it on cool nights.

He took the opportunity to check the priest's pockets, and found a particularly expensive-looking rosary which made him wrinkle his nose. It felt mildly unpleasant, like a static shock, and he suspected the beads had an iron core. He set it far aside for the moment, somewhere it wouldn't spook his animals.

Will left him alone while he went to tend his herd and check on the intended stud. He doubted the priest would try to escape in his current state, and even if he tried, Will could easily track him, and the location was too remote to worry about him making his way back to civilization. And as a mortal with no specialized tools it would be very difficult for him to do Will any real harm. His ankle shackles were just in place to prevent him from becoming a nuisance.

Like all creatures of hell, the shadow elk were able to move between dimensions at will, but this herd had settled in these woods in the mortal realm for centuries, partly due to Will's encouragement. They were majestic creatures, resembling large black elk, but with red eyes, teeth that could tear flesh, and feathered ruffs and tails. They made good mounts and were exceptionally strong, and he suspected their offspring would carry the same strength and endurance.

Most of his herd was female, with a handful of immature males, but only one fully grown bull elk: Melphas, who stood as tall at the shoulder as a Clydesdale and had a fearsome rack

of antlers. Will gave him a scrap of meat, a rare treat for a creature that strictly speaking didn't need to eat, and brought him back nearer to the cabin. Hannibal wasn't ready yet, but it would be good to get the elk settled into the new location, since Hannibal would need to be mounted several times to ensure a good breeding.

He strung a rope halter around the elk's head and secured him to a sturdy oak. In reality, Melphas was strong enough to break free if he wanted to, but he was smart enough to know that Will wanted him to stay there. And although animals of the hellish variety were notoriously difficult to compel, Will had always had a talent for it, and once they got in the habit of following orders they tended to obey even without any attempt at compulsion.

Breeding monsters was always a bit of an experiment, since demons weren't known for their excellent recordkeeping, but it occurred to Will that smelling the presence of a strong stud could help initiate a fertile mating cycle, and the pheromones might help inform Hannibal's body of what kind of animal, exactly, was going to mate him, so it could be better prepared. So he took one final step and collected some of the bull's urine on a rag, squeezed out the excess, and tied it to the priest's bedpost, right by his head.

Hannibal's nose wrinkled, but he was far gone and didn't do more than blink in confusion at Will.

Will smiled and patted his belly gently, making him wince.

"It should only be another day. Then you'll get to meet your mate."

A day later, the pain had mostly subsided, and Hannibal found himself becoming self-aware again. He noticed a terrible stench that he pinpointed as belonging to a rag of dubious origin, reeking of ammonia and some creature's musk.

He sat up and carefully shifted to the opposite side of the bed, but the smell was no less potent to his nose, and he was beginning to feel ill in a different manner, feverish instead of in pain. When Will appeared he snarled, seething at his mistreatment, but Will bared his teeth in return, and the sight of his unearthly fangs was enough to make a primal fear flare deep inside him.

He swallowed and settled. Will put a hand to his forehead and peered into his eyes.

"Feeling better?" the demon asked, as if he cared.

"I feel less as if I have a small rodent clawing its way through my bowels."

"That's a good sign."

Really, that was a matter of perspective, as Hannibal had been rather hoping he would be taken too ill for the demon's plans to go through.

Will reached down and put a hand on Hannibal's stomach, and in a flash of anger he attempted to knock aside the demon's hand, only to find him remarkably difficult to move.

Will raised an eyebrow. “You really thought you could hurt me with your bare hands? You might be strong against humans, but not against a demon. Now settle down, and remember my warning.”

His hand slipped between the halves of his cassock and lay against Hannibal’s stomach, and it was only the memory of Will’s threat against his hands that stopped him from lashing out against it.

Will furrowed his brow, looking deeply focused for a moment before pulling back. “I think you’re ready. Get up, then, and let’s go make your introduction.”

Hannibal glared at him for a moment, before Will rolled his eyes and yanked him up by an arm. He was stronger than he looked, easily bringing Hannibal to his feet. Then he leaned down and quickly, before Hannibal could even understand what was happening, looped a cord around his cock and balls and tightened it like a noose, before settling back and giving it an experimental tug.

It made Hannibal jump slightly, and Will smiled.

“Have you so quickly tired of your demonic mind control?” Hannibal asked.

“Well, I don’t have the patience to compel you every step of the way today, so I figured this could be an effective alternative. And it’s more entertaining, besides. Better hurry along, now.”

He turned and started walking, and reluctantly Hannibal stepped into pace behind him to avoid being unpleasantly forced into line.

They walked out the front door and into the surrounding woods, and Hannibal looked around apprehensively for the creature in question. He smelled it before he saw it, recognizing the stench from the bedpost rag, but when he finally caught a glimpse of it he stiffened and drew to a halt. Fortunately, Will obliged and stopped a second later, eyes fixed on him.

The beast did resemble an elk, though dark as pitch and with feathers that shone like obsidian. But he had not quite expected it to be so enormous. It dwarfed him, and he swallowed, aware of something uncannily like fear that was worming its way through him.

“Is this the creature?” he asked, though he knew what the answer would be. “You surely can’t expect it mount me. It’s far larger than I could possibly accommodate.”

The elk huffed and stomped its hoof, and he watched it with trepidation, concerned it might break its tether.

“His name is Melphas. And yeah, maybe if you were an ordinary human. But lucky you, all that demon seed your body soaked up has done it a world of good where healing and resilience is concerned. I can’t promise it will be comfortable, but it won’t kill you, at least.”

Melphas stomped again and flared his nostrils, tugging lightly at his bounds, and Will grinned.

“He seems to like the smell of you. Maybe his scent did kickstart your heat cycle.”

He felt slightly queasy at these words. “Am I now to endure an animal’s mating cycles, as well as act as a carrier for one?”

“Guess it depends who I’m breeding you with. The shadow elk and hell hounds are my only permanent charges, but I take in some strays now and again. If this batch goes well, the elk are just the first of many.,”

“Many?”

Hannibal suspected there was more than a small trace of apprehension apparent in his voice, because Will smiled and said, “Don’t worry your pretty little head about all that yet. One step at a time.”

Will dragged him a short distance to a wooden structure just within eyesight of the stag, which Hannibal eyed warily.

“Built it myself,” Will said. “I think it turned out pretty nicely. It’ll raise you to the right height, it’s wide and long enough for an elk to get a good grip around the sides, and there’s a dip in it where your stomach will be so it can expand a bit. Melphas is a big boy, and he’ll have a lot of cum to fill you up.”

Hannibal also noted leather straps attached to the front and back, likely tethers for his limbs. He attempted to dig in his heels as they approached, reticent to cooperate in the least, but Will’s leash pulled sharply on his genitals, pinching his testicles painfully, and knowing the demon’s strength he feared pressing his luck could result in them being badly injured. He stumbled forward until he was close enough to the bench that Will simply picked him up and hauled him over the back of the structure.

Will quickly secured his limbs into place, making sure his legs were spread open wide and his arms stretched out in front of him, to the end of the lengthy bench. Then Will hitched the cassock up until it was bunched around his waist and he could feel a cool breeze pass over his rear.

Will pressed a finger against his perineum and hummed thoughtfully.

“I’ve heard this kind of DNA influence can cause a vulva to form, but it seems like you’re stuck without one. That’ll make it a bit more uncomfortable for you, but if your inner organs have rearranged themselves properly, the breeding should still take. I’ll just add a bit of oil to Melphas so he doesn’t chafe himself.”

Where he conjured the oil from, Hannibal didn’t know, but the next thing he knew, a wet finger was pressing into his hole. He swallowed harshly and tried to catalogue the sensations in his own body, because as resistant as he was to the idea, it was not an unpleasant feeling, this small thing dragging against his sensitive rim. The scent of the beast was thick in his nostrils, and he felt warm and flushed.

Will twisted and tugged a bit, applying the oil thoroughly and simultaneously stimulating his prostate, then wiped his hand on the side of Hannibal's cassock and came to his front to look at him.

"Is that pink in your cheeks anger or arousal?" Will asked, sounding amused. "I knew those pheromones would do you well."

Hannibal didn't bother to respond to this, clenching his jaw, but Will continued.

"Do you want it now? Just think of it: my bull elk's nice big cock filling you up. He'll give you a nice big load, and I'll keep breeding you until you're pregnant with his calves, so you'd better be prepared. You'll be fucked so full of his cum that it stretches your belly out."

His stomach somersaulted and he turned his face away, trying to banish the thought from his mind, hoping desperately that the stomach flip was horror and not shocked arousal.

"I know you can't admit it now, not even to yourself. But I bet you'll come to love it, beg for it."

"I'll do no such thing," Hannibal snapped.

Will just sighed, and casually smacked his ass on his way back over to the elk. Hannibal craned his head to try to track his movements. He could see the elk tossing his head and stamping impatiently. Will stroked its feathery ruff and said something in an undertone.

He didn't bring him over immediately, and the anticipation was uncomfortable. The creature became increasingly restless, even rearing up slightly, showing off its daunting size next to Will.

When he finally led the elk over, both hands on its lead, the creature's restless head thrashing jerked the demon's hands slightly, and Hannibal shuddered to think how strong this beast must be that even the unnaturally strong demon couldn't perfectly control it. He could see its nostrils flare as it took in his scent, and under its belly, its cock unsheathed itself in eagerness. His stomach turned as he realized it looked to be around the size of his forearm, and particularly long.

Hannibal twitched in his bounds in a reflexive attempt to break free, but it was useless.

Will led the monstrous elk right up to him. The smell was immense: the pure animal stench of its rut, musk and sweat and precum, plus what must have been traces of its demonic origin, smoke and ash, and a trace of raw meat. He held his breath as the beast reared up and mounted him, forelegs clutching around the barrel-like sides of the bench. It dragged itself forward, enormous cock erect and prodding at Hannibal's thighs, struggling to find its much smaller target. It felt moist and slippery, and he shivered in revulsion. Will guided it into place, and for a long moment Hannibal thought it would be too large to fit, that it would simply push and push against an unyielding sphincter unless Will intervened and stretched him out.

But with a loud, determined grunt, the elk propelled itself forward and forced its way in.

Hannibal's breath escaped him all at once in a shockingly loud and ragged cry. Maybe the demon DNA would make him more durable, but it didn't seem to do a thing for the immediate pain or the tearing that he was certain was happening at this very moment. It felt like he was being ripped open.

He felt the heat from the beast's stomach and the scratch of feathers against his back as it grunted again, legs scrambling for purchase on the bench, and thrust itself forward again, making the ache spread all the way beneath his sternum. Its shadow hung over his entire body, and despite Will's assurances he feared being crushed beneath it.

He felt overfull, nauseated, the beast compressing all his organs into too little space. He felt disgusted, humiliated, like he was nothing more than an animal to be mounted. And distracted by the incessant thought of what Will had told him: *breeding*. That this vile beast's seed could take root inside him, that he could bear its devilish spawn.

But it wasn't, despite that, a purely unpleasant experience. The thought of breeding twisted something else within him, and a panic shot through him as he realized his body, in its current state, welcomed the thought of it. Even as he was so brutally mounted and pulling against his restraints, desperately wanting to escape, he felt the impulse to open himself even wider so the bull could reach as deep inside him as possible and leave its mark in his brand new womb. And the width of it inside him brought him not pain alone, but also excruciating pressure against his prostate.

He grit his teeth and tried not to show it, tried to block the pain and the pleasure both, tried to mentally recite long-memorized psalms. But the words kept slipping out of mind, forced from him along with his breath and voice as he was fucked more fully than he could comprehend.

From a few paces away, Will was enjoying the view, hard just from the sight.

Beneath the elk's monstrous form, Hannibal looked small and frail. Its shining black fur and feather nearly eclipsed him as it hung over his back, forelegs clamped far up by his head. Hannibal was grunting, gasping, and panting. The starched white of the priest's collar was just visible under his neck as the giant animal rutted him from behind, crumpling the cassock beneath it. The elk huffed as its hips thrust forward, and Will could tell from the noises coming from the priest that it was having no little impact on him. For an ordinary mortal, this would be a ruinous event. For one touched by a demon, it seemed to be just about tolerable.

Then Melphas bellowed, and even if it hadn't announced its finish in this way, Will would have known immediately from Hannibal's reaction: he gasped and jerked in his bonds, brow drawn in what could have as easily been pleasure as dismay. He was helpless to stop the elk from leaving a huge load inside him, flooding his new womb with fertile seed.

The elk awkwardly dismounted, and his cock slipped out with a loud squelch. Hannibal visibly shuddered at the sound. Will approached and looked at what the stud had left: a gaping, reddened hole, with a thick trail of cum leaking out of it. He noted a pink tinge from blood, but it wasn't as bad as it could have been. His body must have adjusted well.

He grinned and gave Melphas a pat on the neck. “Good boy,” he murmured. “Gave him a nice big load, didn’t you?” The elk just huffed.

Will left Hannibal like that while he led Melphas away, returning him to his tether and giving him another meat scrap as a treat.

When he returned to Hannibal, he saw the cum had continued its trail down, running all the way down his left thigh to his ankle.

Will gave him a pat on his rump too, which he was too worn out to growl at. Although earlier, placing a hand on the priest’s stomach, he had sensed the necessary transformations had taken place, he found himself curious about how exactly everything had arranged itself. Now, with his passage already opened up from his breeding, seemed like a good time to check.

“I’ll take a look now and see if I can find your cervix, all right?” He gave him the same courtesy now as he would have given to any livestock, speaking in a gentle voice and pressing his fingers in gradually so as not to startle the animal.

He was so slick with seed that it proved to be an enough easy task to slide his hand inside. Hannibal remained relatively quiet as he did so, save for the hitching of his breath. But when Will flexed his fingers open inside him, Hannibal groaned, and his hips shifted restlessly, as if the stimulation was not unwelcome.

Will raised a brow, but smiled. “You *are* in heat. Look at you.”

He could sense the priest’s distress radiating off of him. This time not from the pain, which he must have adjusted to, but from unwanted pleasure.

Will kept pressing in, first wrist deep, then halfway up his forearm, Hannibal clenched tightly around him. Then…

“Aha.” He smoothed his fingers over the patch of raised flesh he felt beneath his hand, which marked the start of a dip diverging from his colon. And when Will’s fingers followed that dip, they found a tight ring. Pressing against it made Hannibal gasp and go rigid around him. “There it is.”

He withdrew his arm slowly, watching Hannibal’s futile attempt to rock back and take him deeper again.

“Congratulations,” Will said. “You’re now the proud owner of a uterus.”

Hannibal made no response.

Will had initially planned to go easy on him the first day to give his body time to adjust, but it seemed cruel to deny him further breeding when both he and the stud were so eager for it.

This time when the elk mounted him, Will jerked off as he watched. Hannibal closed his eyes rather than watch, but Will shot his cum right on Hannibal’s face, and it made him flinch and

clung to his eyelashes. Hannibal tried to clean his face by rubbing it against his shoulder, but it only smeared the mess into a thin but still obvious layer.

Although the bench was designed to tilt Hannibal's hips at an angle that would encourage the cum to pool in his stomach, Will found it necessary to plug him up this time to stop the cum from leaking out between breeding sessions. His stomach seemed slightly more bloated than usual, but Will wanted him utterly flooded. He offered him a snack to keep up his strength, but Hannibal stubbornly refused it.

Melphas was ready to go again in another half hour, and mounted Hannibal with the same enthusiasm. Hannibal, on the other hand, seemed less responsive than ever. He only groaned quietly when the elk thrust its full length into him, then went almost catatonic. Will used his face as a cum rag again, leaving him dripping from both ends.

And then again, until Will found his stomach visibly bulging from the amount of cum plugged inside him, and finally decided he was as thoroughly bred as he could be in one day. He pulled him off the bench, and when he tried to lead him back to the cabin Hannibal was barely able to walk. He stumbled and dropped to his knees about halfway there, and Will tugged on his cock leash and made him crawl the rest of the way.

He attached the shackles to Hannibal's ankles. Then, despite Hannibal's sulky glaring and a remarkably energetic attempt to bite him, which resulted in a large gag being shoved between his teeth, Will sat with him and stroked his bloated belly and gave a few words of praise for his endurance, until he finally passed out. He wasn't interested in subjecting Hannibal to unnecessary cruelty—he treated all his animals very well, and while he didn't like humans as much as his usual monsters, he had no particular reason to harm Hannibal. It was just that some level of harshness was appropriate as Hannibal adjusted to his new life. He was used to being a priest, a person held in high regard with a cushy life. He saw himself as being at the top of the food chain, and that wasn't true. Not anymore.

As Will's broodmare, there was no point in him holding on to concepts like free will and dignity. It would be better to break him of such aspirations now.

Chapter End Notes

Hannibal has a lot of adjusting to do, so he can keep his hands.... for now.

Thanks for all your comments!

Changes

Chapter Summary

Hannibal experiences the first changes of pregnancy, and Will has some more fun with him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After the sheer amount of cum the elk left in Hannibal the first day, he couldn't imagine there would be any need for a second day of breeding. But Will must have disagreed, because the next day he dragged Hannibal back out to the breeding stand for a few more rounds. Today it hurt less, but Hannibal wasn't entirely sure that was a good thing. When the pain was agonizing, at least he could neatly file away the entire experience as torture, a disgusting punishment that he simply had to endure. Even when some pleasure had crept in, and Hannibal was mortified to find he enjoyed the sensation of having Will elbow-deep inside him, there was still pain to distract him.

Now, however, his body had adjusted. The pain was reduced to a dull ache, and the pleasure was front and center of his awareness. Even though he was sure Will knew the truth, Hannibal tried to hide the fact that he was physically enjoying the feeling of the beast's length thrusting deep inside him, but it was nearly impossible when the act seemed to physically force the air from his lungs on each thrust, and with it every moan and whimper that he tried to keep inside.

It was also tremendously frustrating. The beast's thrusts were clumsy and entirely for its own pleasure, completely disregarding Hannibal. Its length still rubbed against his prostate and provided plenty of internal stimulation, but it seemed he was not capable of coming untouched, because no matter how high the pleasure mounted, no matter how painfully hard he became, he found no release.

His predicament was dire enough that after their second session, he couldn't hold back a despondent whine when the elk slipped out of him while he was still hard and wanting. He was only saved from a more humiliating display of grinding his hips against the bench by the fact that his muscles were by now too worn and weak for such exertion. But that meant he was also too worn and weak to so much as turn his head away when Will decided to again dirty his face with his seed. He could only lie there as it stuck to his lashes and dripped down his face.

By the end of the day, he was distantly aware that he must look absolutely ruined. He had gone utterly limp, and when the elk mounted him for the last time, he didn't even flinch, simply closed his eyes and lay still as the dead while the beast heaved above him. Though he

did spare a moan when he felt his stomach cramp from being bloated even further by another load.

Then the elk was led away, and Hannibal dragged back to his bed. Then he was left alone with the knowledge of what had happened and what might now be happening inside him, and the daunting horror of waiting.

Will didn't indulge his request for books or music while he waited, meaning the days quickly became tedious. Hannibal had constructed a cathedral in his mind, a vast and beautiful palace for his memories, and he could to some extent entertain himself with what lay within it. Stained glass murals shining with light, passages lined with poems and psalms. Things far, far away from the horrifying reality he found himself in.

But he was restless. Days spent wandering imagined corridors were no substitute for an actual walk to stretch his legs, though he could stand and walk a few paces within his bounds. Written words, carefully memorized, could not invigorate him as an actual conversation could. He missed time spent in confessional, people regurgitating their sins for his consumption, whether they did so nervously and haltingly or with a matter-of-fact manner that suggested they were only there because they felt obliged by their upbringing to do so. There was power there, in the moment between confession and response, where he felt the hinge on his words, where he decided upon the sinners' penance and filed away some choice names for later consideration. And even when he was submerged in the illusions of his memory palace, he was aware that all that power was now gone.

It was therefore grudgingly that he realized he looked forward to interactions with the demon. Will brought him one meal a day, though he said the demon blood would prevent him from outright starvation, and it was just to make things easier while his body adjusted and keep some meat on his bones. He also spent many evenings in front of the fire, mostly ignoring Hannibal. To be fair, when he did attempt to engage Hannibal in conversation, he was met with a less than cheery disposition. Hannibal was loathe to act as though everything were fine, treating Will as anything more than a jailer, let alone become chatty with him. Maybe it saved him some measure of dignity in the short term, but the truth was he was becoming lonely.

Will continued to use his mouth on occasion, forcing Hannibal to drink down more of his cum and flippantly referring to it as "vitamins," though Hannibal couldn't be sure of the truth. Maybe it acted as a supplement to the demon DNA already in his system, or maybe Will was just having fun.

His mouth, however, was the only part of him that Will personally used, and it was dispassionate, systematical. Hannibal should have felt relieved that he would at least not have to worry about being raped anally, at least for the time being, but he didn't. Instead he felt something almost uneasy, as if the elk had defiled him so thoroughly that Will didn't want to dirty himself by using the same hole. He wondered if that humiliation was intentional, or if perhaps Will just didn't want him to feel any pleasure from their sessions. There was certainly none in having his tongue rubbed raw by Will's cocks, lips stretched so wide they

cracked, the textured nubs of the serpentine organs drawing a violent response from his gag reflex, and then the hot salty flood of his release threatening to drown him.

Will's demeanor at these times wasn't particularly malicious, merely indifferent. He would order Hannibal onto his knees and hold his head steady to thrust into, just a hole for him to use. Sometimes he would force both cocks in at once, making it impossible for Hannibal to breathe properly, and sometimes he would let one slide over Hannibal's face, smearing wet over his cheek, along his nose, over his eye socket. Sometimes he would pull out both and rut them over Hannibal's face, one fist in his hair to keep him still and the other hand stretched over his cocks to add pressure and friction. It was somehow more demeaning than using his mouth, disregarding his entire face as nothing more than an inanimate object to hump.

By a month Hannibal was beginning to experience what he assumed was morning sickness. It made the routine face-fucking considerably more unpleasant and often left him retching at length. The nausea worsened every week until the demon took pity on him and gave him a cup of a hot beverage that burned his throat but significantly reduced the urge to puke up his guts.

Hannibal avoided speculating on what, exactly, was developing deep in his belly, or on what might eventually happen to his body, but he prodded at his stomach regularly. A human pregnancy would usually take a few months to start showing, but he had no idea what to expect in this situation. He stared at it as if it might suddenly pop open to reveal whatever was growing inside, but as it turned out, it was nothing so dramatic. There was some softness to his belly to start with that made it hard to pinpoint when exactly growth began, some subtle shifts that could have been caused by either pregnancy or the changes in his lifestyle, and a growing suspicion that the shape of his stomach was in fact more bulging than it had been. Until the day came, not far into the second month, that it was undeniable that there was more accumulating than just fat.

Will checked him over physically once a week. Though his early days with the demon were so fuzzy that he couldn't be certain how many days had passed, Hannibal had a feeling he had chosen Sunday as the day for these examinations. The demon did seem fond of his ironies.

He was stripped each time, followed by a finger to his carotid artery to take his pulse, a pinch over his ribcage to check depth of fat, gentle palpations of his abdomen, and a look on his face that made Hannibal suspect there was some degree of demon magic at play that was beyond his ability to sense.

"You're growing fast," Will commented soon after Hannibal first noticed his own growth. "Elk gestation periods are a bit shorter than humans, and I expect the offspring would be pretty sizable considering their sire, but my bet's on twins."

This prediction caused Hannibal a fair amount of anxiety, considering he was still struggling to imagine how he could bear a single fetus, let alone two. But it was not the only surprise he had to contend with.

By the third month, two dark spots made an appearance on his stomach. They seemed unremarkable, considering the more significant changes his body was going through, but Will

looked at them carefully. He traced lines from the spots up to Hannibal's nipples, and found them in perfect alignment.

"I think you're growing extra nipples," Will informed him with a smile, as if he should be delighted by the news.

It was not the most shocking piece of information he'd received since being abducted by the demon, but delighted he was not.

"Has my body not already changed enough?"

"It's hard to predict. The demon DNA will change your body as much as it thinks it needs to change, to best accommodate your offspring. Or maybe a sort of sympathetic response, in this case, mimicking the DNA that impregnated you. It'll probably stick around for nursing, make sure your offspring don't get too confused with their instincts once they're born."

He cringed at the mention of nursing. Though he supposed it would have been overly optimistic to expect the pregnancy would only affect the growth of his belly, this implied other changes that would be an uncomfortable adjustment. And he shuddered to think what kind of monsters might latch themselves onto his chest.

"So I'm to expect yet more of this."

Will smirked. "You sound worried. Isn't vanity a sin, Father?"

Hannibal didn't dignify him with a response.

As it turned out, vanity was not the biggest of his concerns. The space around the nipples, both old and new, became quite sore, and began to swell. The lower set was especially painful, even turning red and inflamed for a few days as the flesh beneath it was presumably being transformed with new milk ducts. Will took it upon himself to conduct regular inspections, prodding at the most tender aching flesh to assess its progress, an indignity that Hannibal had to suffer with his spine tense and gaze fixed in the distance. He had learned by now that he was not strong enough to successfully fight off the demon, and resistance would be punished. And in truth, though he detested these interactions, it was at least a relief from the crushing tedium that had now engulfed his days. Will had been fucking his face less often, perhaps losing interest once the novelty had worn off, and now Hannibal had no real desire to chase him away earlier than necessary and lose his only semblance of a social interaction.

By the fourth month his stomach had grown to a clearly defined baby bump, and it was impossible to deny that the spots that had appeared on it were anything other than nipples, even becoming as sensitive as the ones he had been born with. This seemed to amuse Will, because he took a break from his usual apathetic ignorance of his prisoner to further harass him.

Will's usual exam became more thorough, hands brushing over the entirety of Hannibal's stomach, fingertips circling the peaks of his nipples in a way that felt distinctly non-clinical. Hannibal was helpless to prevent his pulse from quickening, his chest and face from flushing.

And he knew Will noticed, his eyes ever sharp and a smirk playing on his lips as Hannibal fought to maintain a stoic façade.

Then Will climbed onto the bed behind Hannibal, wrapping his arms around him so his hands settled in the perfect position to cup and squeeze his budding breasts, and Hannibal was afraid he wouldn't have fought this even if he could. He had been so starved of touch and comfort that the heat of Will's skin all along his back, the tightness of his grip, completely overwhelmed him. And the soft, persistent drag of Will's fingertips, the small pinch as he drew each nipple erect, felt far more pleasurable than it should have.

"Since you've been so good lately, I think you can have a treat," Will said. His breath caught behind Hannibal's ear and it sent a chill down his spine.

"It's no treat. Simply you amusing yourself with my humiliation, as usual."

Will chuckled. The heat of his breath against Hannibal's neck was unnatural, and a tiny lick was enough to remind him of the demon's forked tongue. Hannibal was revulsed to the pit of his stomach by the new degree of intimacy with this unnatural creature, but he could do nothing to stop it.

"They're not mutually exclusive. Giving my pets treats entertains me, and a priest captured alive is a very special pet. Even rarer considering you've been bred."

"Is this how you treat all your pets?" Hannibal tried to focus on the words, not the sensations. Not the way he felt blood rush downward, or the pressure against his lower back that suggested Will was in a similar state. It was a cruel friction between revulsion and arousal. "Do you molest them like this, using them for sexual gratification?"

"I don't do anything they don't want. But they're much less uptight about their desires than you are." He gave a hard tweak to Hannibal's nipple and he bit his tongue to avoid moaning in response. "My hounds aren't averse to a bit of cuddling on a cold night, either, but I don't fuck them or let them fuck me. Same rules as for you, except your mouth. It's a lot less pointy than theirs would be."

Will shifted behind him, the alien shape of his cocks dragging against Hannibal's skin. One hand curled around the swell of Hannibal's stomach, the other roamed across his front, petting over his oversensitive nipples.

Hannibal wanted to recite a verse, clawing his way back into his usual realm and banishing the evil that had ensconced him, but he was too thoroughly defiled. How could he speak holy words when he bore the spawn of a monster, when he was not only molested by a demon, but aroused by it? There could be no redemption for him here. Not now.

He drifted, distancing his mind from Will's physicality, from the clash of sensations that was overwhelming to someone who was now used to nothing but monotony. He saw and was shamed by his own leaking erection. He twisted in on himself, desperate to hide his face, aware of the noises that escaped from him as pleasure was forcibly dragged out of him.

He was slammed back into reality when Will crushed his balls in his fist, making him drop from near-ecstasy to excruciating pain.

“I hate to rain on your parade, but I can’t overindulge you,” Will said. “And you were getting awfully close there. It’s for the best—it will hurt you more in the long run if you expect an actual sexual relationship with me.”

Hannibal curled up, and this time Will let him be, walking away as if nothing at all had happened. Hannibal smelled acrid semen and felt it drip down his back.

At least the pain had made him go soft. It was, all things considered, a small blessing to not feel like a participant in his own torture. Even if it was just for the moment.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all your comments! I'm glad people are enjoying this wild ride.

Up next: fun with hellhounds.

Hellhounds

Chapter Summary

Hannibal is introduced to Hudson and the other hellhounds.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal continued to grow. By the fifth month, it looked like he could plausibly be obscuring a small melon in his stomach. By the sixth, it became actively uncomfortable, making it hard to settle down to sleep, shifting his center of balance when he stood. He could often feel something shifting inside him, and wondered how large the fetuses were now, and if they had taken on a recognizable form. His cassock, though not a tight garment, would have struggled to close over his stomach now.

Despite Will's claim that they weren't in a real sexual relationship, he seemed to get a good deal of pleasure from groping Hannibal and fucking his mouth or thighs. Hannibal wondered often what would happen if he did manage to bite down during one of these encounters, but his few attempts at resistance had taught him there was little physical harm he could do to the demon. So he accepted it without fussing, until Will raping his throat became as drearily commonplace as the rest of his time there.

There was a change of routine in the sixth month, however. Will finally brought him up close to the hellhounds' alpha, Hudson, who he had only seen from a distance before. Will had him sit on the ground right next to the hound, naked so he could be properly inspected.

As hulking a figure as the hound had seemed from some distance, it seemed even taller when it was sitting beside Hannibal and its head stood above his own. It sniffed the top of his head suspiciously, and when it opened its mouth to lick its jowls he was greeted by the sight of a fearsome set of teeth.

"Don't worry. I've told him to play nice," Will said.

"Given you've previously revealed your plans to use him to breed me, I don't find that sufficient to soothe my worry."

The hound sniffed Hannibal's shoulder, then circled around to smell his face. Hannibal gritted his teeth and turned his face away from the hot huff of breath on his face.

"That's exactly why you should take this time to get to know him," Will said. "It will make it more comfortable when you're ready to breed with him. You could even have a dry run, if he's interested."

Hannibal eyed the dog incredulously. “I thought you wanted to treat me with care to protect the offspring. How do you know a beast of this size wouldn’t cause them harm?”

Will shrugged. “You have space in your intestines, at least. And the children are part-demon, so they’ll be resilient. Trust me, he’s not the worst thing I could be shoving up there, not even close.”

Hannibal shuddered to think what those things might be. “Am I to assume you will be introducing me to one of *those* things eventually?”

“If this goes well,” Will said with a sly grin. “So go ahead. Get familiar with Hudson and be grateful for the opportunity to be with something soft and furry, at least for a while.”

He did become familiar with Hudson, though entirely at the dog’s leisure. He believed it would obey Will and not harm him, so he did his best to ignore it as it sniffed around him, except when it went so far as to lick his neck. Then Hannibal pulled away and tried to crawl a short distance away, figuring that would be a safer route than trying to push a hellhound away.

Hudson, however, pawed at him as he retreated, and though it was a gentle motion, the claws still scratched sharply at Hannibal’s skin, and he hissed and stopped in his tracks. Hudson came up behind him and licked at the back of his neck, then nosed down his spine until he felt the huff of its breath at his ass.

“No,” Hannibal said sharply, shifting away again and this time kneeling, trying to get to his feet before this could go any further.

“Stay down, Hannibal,” Will commanded, and Hannibal froze in place against his will. He snarled and turned around on his knees so he could at least face his assailant. The dog tilted its head at him.

“I’m hardly going to go anywhere if you let me stand,” he said. “But your hound seems to be getting ideas.”

The demon laughed. “And what makes you think I care if he does? What I *do* care about is that if you stand and *try* to run, you could activate his prey drive. And demons can find a way to hurt you if they actually want to, so it’s better not to test his obedience right now.”

“And if I crawl away?”

“I doubt you’d move fast enough crawling to get him riled up. You can give it a shot if you want.”

When the hound made another move toward him, he was reluctant to present an even more tempting target by crawling on his hands and knees, and instead shuffled awkwardly backward like a crab. The hound got to its feet and tilted its head at him, then pursued in short measured steps. Hannibal kept his legs close together, but the hound used one giant paw to sweep and pin down first his right leg, and then his left, with enough weight that

attempting to pull them back resulted in those claws tearing through the skin of his thigh, raising spots of blood.

He stopped in place and stared down the beast that loomed above him. It lowered its head and sniffed between his legs until finally beginning to lick, its huge tongue sweeping effortlessly from his balls to the tip of his cock.

Hannibal groaned. Having this creature's tongue on his genitals was horrifying, especially so close to its razor teeth, but the whole time he'd been captive, Will hadn't so much as touched his cock unless it was to hurt him, even while toying with his nipples and arousing him. And the hound's tongue was hot and wet and surprisingly soft, a relief after months of torture. Under normal circumstances he didn't even appreciate having his hand licked by a dog, and he still had some knee-jerk revulsion to contend with, but the truth was it felt good, and his body didn't care about his objections. He got hard, and stopped his perfunctory struggling, realizing that Will could see and he had already lost the struggle to maintain dignity.

He shivered as the hound's tongue found its way beneath his balls and wet his hole. He even raised his hips to enable it, letting the beast scratch his itch for pleasure, letting himself believe that perhaps he would be allowed this small pleasure, something he could compartmentalize and bury later when the shame was too great.

But Hudson was not a selfless partner. After satisfying his curiosity with Hannibal's cock and balls, he nosed more insistently at his buttock, seeking a hole he could sink into and becoming increasingly agitated. He pawed at the ground beneath Hannibal and huffed and grumbled, and just when Hannibal became concerned that he might start pawing at his flesh next, the hound surged forward and over his baby bump. Then it started humping, cock jerking against his stretched stomach. But after only a few seconds it apparently found it unsatisfying, because it walked on right over Hannibal's head and then started circling him again, nosing him and panting.

"You can't escape the inevitable," Will said, and Hannibal knew he was right. "So you can either roll over now and let him mount you, or I can compel you before he gets mad and decides to maul you. Your choice."

Hannibal hesitated, but he *hated* the constricting feeling of having Will control his mind, like he had somehow straitjacketed his very atoms. So he rolled over, getting onto his hands and knees.

"Good bitch," Will said, but before Hannibal could say anything in reply the hound straddled him from behind, tall enough that it didn't need to rear up to mount him. Its cock slid into the small of his back before readjusting to prod closer to the real target. It felt hard as steel as it pressed against his flesh, and the pressure did not relent until it finally found the hole it was seeking and slid inside.

Hannibal grunted from discomfort. The hound didn't get as deep as the elk had, but it had been five months since then and his body had forgotten how to yield, so it still hurt.

Hudson wasted no time, hammering into him at a brutal pace that made his stomach lurch. The force of it propelled him a few inches across the floor before the hound cottoned on and

planted its feet in front of his shoulders to keep him in place. Hannibal clutched at his belly with one hand as it was sharply jostled, along with the tender new buds of flesh around his nipples.

He grit his teeth, resigning himself to this particular abuse, but then something changed. He felt more pain at his entrance, more resistance, and each time the cock was withdrawn he felt a tug. He connected the dots. Like mortal dogs, hellhounds must be armed with knots.

He didn't know how big it would be, but when the hound struggled to shove it back in one thrust, it already felt unfeasibly large. Hudson kept thrusting trying to get it in, harder and harder, and the throb spread through his strained skin all across his backside. And Hannibal, visualizing a knot at least the size of his fist, couldn't convince his limbs to stay in place and cooperate any longer.

He wrangled the instinct to fight that would certainly go very poorly for him at this moment, and instead scrabbled forward, wiggling out from between the hellhound's legs and lunging across the floor . He was only free for a second before Hudson easily stepped up behind him and once again had his cock pressing against his hole. Every inch he moved forward, the hound was right behind him, until the beast finally got tired of their game, reared up, and planted his paws on Hannibal's shoulders, forcing his chest down nearly to the floor. Hannibal just barely kept himself elevated on his elbows, trying to keep the weight off his belly, and certainly didn't have enough leverage to move an inch. Then the hound heaved and grunted until Hannibal's ass finally gave way, and the knot sank inside him.

Hannibal cried out, partially from the sudden shock of pain as his entrance tore, and partially because the knot was *huge* inside him, and with his organs already squashed into precious little space from the fetuses, his bladder was suddenly severely compressed.

He gasped and tried to hold it, but it was too late. A tiny dribble of urine turned into a big spurt, and he felt it running down his stomach from his raised hips. As if the situation wasn't already humiliating enough.

"Good boy," Will said, and Hannibal couldn't tell whether he was speaking to him or the hound until he added, "Pissing yourself is a good way to show your submission."

Hannibal's irritation at this pronouncement was interrupted when Hudson turned around while they were still locked together, tugging hard and sending a fresh spasm of pain through him as the knot held. He whimpered, afraid the hound would try to pull out completely before the knot subsided, but it seemed content to stand ass to ass with him for the moment.

Will crouched down in front of him and put a finger under his chin to tilt his face up. Hannibal suspected some of his distress was still visible, because he still felt it weighing on him, not quite able to shrug it off.

"Don't worry," Will said, giving Hannibal a pat on the head. "He seems to really like you, and I know you'll be a good breeding bitch for him one day, give him a nice big litter. I think he understands this is just for fun right now – his nose alone tells him you're pregnant and not free for breeding – so you'll have to wait to see what he's like when he smells a fertile mate ready for him. Though he's not the only boy in my pack. Once the alpha takes you,

maybe I should give them all a turn. Make it a lottery, see who knocks you up fastest. Not long after you're done birthing this batch. How does that sound?"

"Abhorrent."

Will sighed. "You need to be more open-minded than that if you want to be comfortable here."

"Why would I ever want to be comfortable with this?"

"Better than suffering through it. And eventually you'll realize that, once you stop being so stubborn."

Will walked away and picked up a book while Hannibal waited out the knot. When it finally eased enough to release him, Hannibal could feel himself gaping open from its breadth, and when he stumbled to stand, unsteady on his feet, there was nothing to stop the cum from pouring back out onto his thighs.

Hannibal wasn't prone to nightmares, but his emotions had been less stable recently, and perhaps as a result, the excess emotion manifested itself as a nightmare that night. It was a dream where he could see nothing and hear nothing, but he was assaulted from all sides by an enemy he himself couldn't touch or fight off. He was simply surrounded, smothered, invaded, and his flailing fists found no purchase.

Upon waking, he couldn't decide whether the nightmare was actually any worse than his waking life.

After seeing what came of it, Will was glad he had decided to introduce Hannibal to Hudson now, rather than waiting. It had made the hound happy, it had reminded Hannibal of his place, and it had given Will some entertainment. He resolved to make it a more common occurrence.

He figured it was also fair game to introduce Hannibal to some of the other hellhounds, as long as Hudson would share. So Will brought him outside for some fresh air, fully naked, while a small group of hounds gathered by the firepit. The hounds immediately began to scent him, clearly ascertaining from a sniff of his ass that the alpha had fucked him. They seemed intrigued, and Hudson seemed content to watch from nearby.

Certain that Hudson would keep Hannibal close and wouldn't let any of his pack harm his new bitch, Will decided to leave them to it.

"Help yourselves, guys," he said. "I have some errands to run, might as well entertain yourselves. Hannibal, be a good boy and don't let try to stop them from fucking you, alright?"

He turned and left before Hannibal had a chance to respond. He probably wasn't dumb enough to think he could outrun a whole pack, anyway, but with his stubbornness, it was hard

to be sure.

After a few hours, Will returned and found Hannibal covered in the cum of about a half dozen hellhounds. He was collapsed facedown on the ground, his asshole gaping open and oozing cum that covered his thighs. More had trickled down and pooled along his lower back. Somehow, some had gotten smeared up his side as well, and they must have figured out how to hump his mouth because there was some drying on his chin. The hounds lying near to him looked very pleased with themselves.

“Have a good time while I was gone?”

Hannibal’s face was turned to his side far enough that Will could see his eyes were red. Will at first thought it was simply the aftereffects of being deepthroated by one of the enormous dogs, gag-induced tearing. But when Will came closer, Hannibal sniffled and another tear ran down his cheek.

“Feeling hormonal?” Will asked. It would make sense for Hannibal to be going through mood swings now, it was just hard to predict which symptoms would manifest with a hybrid pregnancy like this.

He saw Hannibal’s muscles stiffen and his jaw clench, and at first thought he would get no response.

Then Hannibal said, voice choked but venomous: “You’ve reduced me to nothing more than a beast. You couldn’t even be bothered to stay and watch me be defiled by these creatures. If it this was all for your sexual gratification, that would be one thing. But this, the worst indignity I have suffered… and you don’t care at all.”

Will crouched down and pet his hair, taking a deep look into his eyes. Hurt radiated from him, shame and disgust and self-loathing. Will wiped the tears from his eyes and smiled gently. The man was pretty when he cried, but he should clarify.

“I *do* care, Hannibal, like I care about all of my pets. I’m sorry if I didn’t make it clear to you earlier, but this is exactly the kind of lesson you need to learn. You *are* a beast. Your human accomplishments are admirable, and I wouldn’t have chosen you if I didn’t like you and admire your work. But my primary hope is that you pass those qualities on to your offspring. You’re not here to be my confidant, you’re just a broodmare for my creatures. If some of my hellhounds want to use you as a sex toy in between your breedings, that’s their right; it makes no difference as long as you keep carrying that baby for me. And it shouldn’t bother you either, because that’s what you’re for now. Being fucked and bred is the whole point of your existence. It’s time to accept it.”

Another tear ran down his cheek, and Will lifted his chin, leaned in, and licked it up; a demon didn’t have the opportunity to drink a priest’s tears every day.

“So you intend to keep me just like this,” Hannibal said. “For what, a decade? Until my best breeding years are gone?”

Will furrowed his brow. “A decade? No, sweetheart. You’re part demon now. Demons live for millennia, so you should at least make it a couple centuries before you begin to age out of your breeding years.”

Hannibal stopped breathing entirely for a moment. “Centuries,” he whispered in horror. “Like this.”

“Yeah. But don’t worry. I don’t think the human psyche is built to tolerate that kind of thing for so long without shattering, so I’m sure you’ll grow to love it, eventually. Wanna make a bet how long it will take until you’re all eager and begging for my latest stud?”

“That will never happen.” Hannibal sounded adamant, but he shivered and didn’t meet Will’s eyes.

Will could tell looking at him that the seed of doubt had at last taken root: it seemed like that was precisely what he was afraid would happen.

Good. Now it was just Will’s job to make sure it came to be.

Chapter End Notes

Bit of a tease with the off-screen hellhound gangbang, I know, but you'll get a better picture of it once he's ready to breed again.

Coming next: lactation kink

Milk

Chapter Summary

Hannibal learns something about demon cum and he begins to lactate.

Chapter Notes

New tags added!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will didn't fuck Hannibal's face for a few days after the group of hellhounds had their way with him, nor did he cum elsewhere and make Hannibal lick it up. For a short while, Hannibal misguidedly believed Will may be having mercy on him after that ordeal.

Then he started feeling under the weather. Not as bad as with the morning sickness, but queasy, shaky, and uncomfortable. He mentioned he was feeling ill.

Will did not seem concerned, even when his symptoms worsened and he became feverish and covered in cold sweat.

Several days later, Hannibal realized why Will wasn't concerned, when Will broke his streak of celibacy. He bulldozed through Hannibal's weak protests, took his throat, and shot a load of cum down it. Within minutes, Hannibal's shakiness and nausea started to subside.

"Feeling better?" Will asked.

Hannibal stared at him, knowing he was somehow responsible but unable to understand how. "What have you done to me?"

"Nothing that wasn't already happening. I told you, you'll get used to this life. You've already acclimated to it. Now your body's started protesting when it's not getting its usual fix."

"Are you telling me demon semen has withdrawal effects?"

"Of a sort. I guess it's evolutionarily beneficial to give our chosen partners reason to stick around. Or maybe it's just you being a little cum slut, hard to say."

Hannibal snorted in derision. But a few days later, he was in withdrawal again, and he started staring at the demon's cocks with thinly veiled need. He wanted to be free of this illness

without completely abandoning his dignity. He refused to ask for it, but he became increasingly desperate.

So desperate that one day, noticing some hellhound cum had dripped out of him and onto the floor, he went so far as to lick it up when he thought Will wasn't looking, just in case any demonic creature's semen would do. It didn't help. And Will did see, and made a point of calling him a good slut and summoning another hound for him to suck off, since he obviously wanted more cum.

Maybe that humiliation was bad enough that it didn't seem impossible the next day to finally ask, "Aren't you going to use my mouth again?"

"Only if you ask nicely."

He reminded himself that compared to licking dog cum off the dirty floorboards, this humiliation was not so terrible. After several minutes of silence, he finally choked out, "Please. I want you to."

"Want me to… what?"

"I want you to use my mouth and let me drink your release."

"Why?"

"I feel terrible. I know it will make me feel better. Please."

Will smiled. "That's very sweet, but not what I want you to say. Good, god-fearing priests don't beg demons to come down their throats, no matter how poorly they're feeling. So what's the real reason?"

Hannibal balked, but managed to say, "Because I'm a whore."

Will laughed. "I'm sure you can come up with a more colorful explanation than that, but it'll do. Okay, I'll let you have my cum, but you have to earn it. I won't move at all. Suck me off like the whore you are."

It made him cringe, but Hannibal followed the order and started sucking. Maybe it was his desperation distorting his sense of time, but it seemed to take much longer than usual for Will to finish. If Will was holding out to see how far Hannibal would go to get him off, he must have been pleased—Hannibal acted like he was starving for it, using both mouth and hand and fighting past the nausea to take the cock deep and batter his throat. It looked almost like genuine enthusiasm for the task, and when he finally achieved his goal he audibly moaned in relief, milking every drop into his mouth and licking it clean.

"There, that's much better, isn't it?" Will said. He petted Hannibal's head. "You've turned into such a good, filthy cum slut."

Hannibal closed his eyes and drooped his head, but he could no longer argue that description.

From then on, Will made him work for his cum, and though he was always reluctant, Hannibal didn't have the energy to try going without it again.

By month seven, all four of Hannibal's teats had grown into small breasts, the nipples large and puffy, and Will was ecstatic to discover milk leaking from one.

He gave the nipple a sharp pinch and smiled as Hannibal flinched. "Looks like you're about ready to start milking. I'm not sure how soon you'll give birth, so we'll start storing some in case you dry up before your calves are ready to wean."

Practicalities aside, however, Will decided he should be the first to taste. He leaned in and teased a nipple between the forks of his tongue before latching on and starting to suck, drawing the liquid into his mouth. It was sweet and fatty, and not unpleasant. Hannibal gasped, and Will heard him swallow, heard it echo through his chest. Will's hand came up to massage his other teat, feeling how much it had swollen, no longer recognizable as the smooth pectorals that he had come to Will with. Then he ran his hand down to Hannibal's belly where his secondary nipples had grown. They too had a slight swell to them, and rubbing at their protruding buds made Hannibal arch his back, making a garbled noise. He was clearly very sensitive. Will continued to suck, gently teasing the nipple with his teeth and tongue, until Hannibal had run dry, then moved to his other breast to repeat the steps.

By the time he lowered his mouth to Hannibal's stomach, licking at the nipples there, Hannibal was squirming from overstimulation and his cock was dripping precum. As Will sucked at these nipples, finding only a disappointingly small drip from them, he brushed against Hannibal's cock, and actually drew a whine and something like a plea.

"Will…" He trailed off.

"What is it? Are you enjoying being milked?"

He made a noise that was not quite a denial. "Please…"

Will didn't give him anything more then, but he did wonder if he could make this particularly heightened arousal work to his advantage.

The idea came to him when he was assembling the supplies necessary to milk him properly. Hannibal seemed to have begun to accept his place, more or less, but Will wanted to see more. He wanted to see Hannibal crave it. And, having gone without orgasm for months now, it seemed a useful tool to help draw the right associations in his mind.

Will kept him on his hands and knees for the milking, though his belly hung awfully close to the ground. He held plastic cups against his nipples until the suction took hold, then left them swinging. Hannibal groaned as his nipples reddened, puffed, and leaked, milk trailing down the tubes and into a waiting bottle. When Will repeated the action for the pair on his stomach, ensuring all four teats were being milked simultaneously, Hannibal's arms started to shake beneath him.

“How’s that feel?” Will asked, even though it was clear the man was overwhelmed with arousal. He pet Hannibal’s hair and was delighted to find him turning into the gesture, nuzzling against him needily. He made a broken, wounded sound.

Will trailed a finger down to his ass, teasing around his hole, and the noise came again, sharper.

“Is being milked making you feel all needy? That’s good, that’s very good, Hannibal.”

He switched the suction to a higher strength, and Hannibal gasped, swaying and bucking his hips into Will’s touch.

“You’re being so good that I’ve decided I’m going to let you come today. But from now on, you’re only allowed to come when you’re being milked. Maybe next time you’re bred, too. What do you think of that?”

“Please,” Hannibal gasped. “Please.”

Will slicked his fingers with spit, then shoved two inside Hannibal, quickly curling in search of his prostate. He found it, already swollen from arousal, and rubbed against it mercilessly, drawing moans and twitches of oversensitivity.

“That’s my good little breeding slut. Pretty soon I’ll have it so you can’t come unless you’re being bred or milked. You’ll crave it, come crawling to me to beg me to suck on your tits or stuff you full of some creature’s cum.”

Hannibal shook his head automatically, but his moans and the frantic motion of his hips told a different story.

“I wonder if you’ll get even more nipples when I breed you to my hounds. Elk only have four, but dogs have eight to ten nipples each, can you imagine? Ten tits to suckle on all at once—bet I could make you cum just by sucking some and rubbing your belly when it’s covered with them. You’d have milk running down your whole front by the time I finished with you.”

It was to that vivid image that Hannibal came for the first time in months, practically screaming as it wracked through him. Will didn’t let up, coaxing a second spurt of weak, translucent cum as he tried his hardest to pull away, whimpering as Will continued to rub his now overstimulated prostate. He didn’t stop until Hannibal was in tears and had fallen onto his elbows, and his tits seemed to have run dry.

Will was true to his word. Over the next couple months, Hannibal’s new teats became even heavier with milk, and Will milked him religiously. He made sure Hannibal came every time he was being drained, and never at any other time. It only took a few weeks for Hannibal to start getting hard as soon as Will began to set up the milking supplies.

The hellhounds were not allowed to fuck him this far into the pregnancy. Will waved it off as a logistical issue, considering Hannibal’s current size, but the hounds became more agitated

than usual, and Hannibal couldn't help but wonder if he was intentionally building up their sexual frustration so they would brutalize him when they were next allowed to mount him.

Will kept him stretched open though, with increasingly large anal plugs that kept torturous pressure against his prostate. Will claimed it was for an easier delivery, but Hannibal again questioned his motives. If he hadn't been allowed to come regularly during his milkings, the sensation would have been unbearable.

The last couple weeks, Hannibal looked like he was ready to burst. His stomach was so hugely distended that it made it practically impossible for him to move around the room unassisted, and his usual milking position was no longer an option. Will had to pump his milk manually while he lay on his side like a beached whale. On other occasions Will mounted his mouth and leaned over his body, suckling at his teats and humming with pleasure as he drank his fill. He made sure to not only suck, but pinch and pull with his teeth, subjecting the man to a small torture, making him writhe and choke beneath him. This late into his pregnancy, the creatures inside Hannibal sometimes responded to all the commotion and would kick out, occasionally nailing his bladder and subjecting him to further indignity as he wet himself.

Even when he wasn't being milked, he completely gave up on trying to brush Will away when he casually ran his hands over his stomach, instead lying still and exhausted. Will loved feeling the restless movement of the creatures inside, and was buzzing with excitement, so eager to see what the offspring looked like.

Hannibal was considerably more apprehensive. It still nauseated him to contemplate exactly what was inside him, but it had gotten to the point where he could no longer deny or ignore what sat in his belly—they shifted and kicked around the clock like the restless demons they were. He wondered if they were kicking with feet or with hooves, and started to ponder that even more frequently when Will moved him to a new room, which had a mattress on the floor and a deep layer of fluffy straw surrounding it. "Just in case," Will said.

It felt ominous, but regardless of the horrors the future may hold, he was more than ready to have it over with.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all the comments, kudos, and honestly astounding number of subscriptions. I'm happy to know I have company in this den of depravity. :D

Birth

Chapter Notes

> Warning for birth complications (breech birth. dangers are discussed but the babies are fine; Hannibal is injured). I'm a little squicky around birth scenes so I usually skip them as a reader, and consequently I have no clue what I'm doing and it's not particularly descriptive or erotic (sorry to those hoping for that). If you're similarly inclined, this chapter is easy to skip.
>
> Anyway, this scene is mostly what had me stuck, so fingers crossed the next will be done soon.

In the final weeks, it became clear they both had concerns about the upcoming birth. Will tried to move him another size up in plugs, but Hannibal wasn't able to hold it for long before the constant pressure and ache of his pelvis turned into shooting pains. Though Will clearly didn't mind Hannibal in distress, he didn't seem particularly pleased with the fuss Hannibal made in response, so he moved him back down a size and felt at his hips with a frown.

They both knew without saying a word what the problem was: Hannibal's hips were naturally quite narrow, and if they had widened over the course of the pregnancy, it was barely noticeable. Potentially problematic for a baby of more normal proportions, considerably more worrisome for the oversized hybrids he carried, if the size of his stomach was enough to judge by.

"Do you still have confidence the demon DNA is enough to ensure a trouble-free birth?" Hannibal asked. "I thought it was supposed to make me biologically fit to birth these monsters, but I have my doubts."

"It's not an exact science. Unpredictable, like I've said. But you'll make it out alive."

"And in one piece?"

Will shrugged and repeated, "Alive."

"I don't suppose there's any chance of obtaining some anesthetic for a proper cesarean?"

"I could give it a try, but there's no guarantee something designed for humans will work on you now, now that you're no longer human. Which isn't just a statement of your role, incidentally—you really don't qualify anymore with the changes and nearly a year of DNA infusions."

"An attempt might be better than nothing."

“If you really want me to slice you open without anything to kill the pain, I can. But that seems more of a last-resort kind of thing to me, personally. Babies are kind of squishy, and demons often have pretty weird anatomy, so it might go just fine the way you are. Could be they’re very skinny and just unusually long and coiled up in there.” That was one nauseating possibility that Hannibal had failed to consider. “But if it looks like the babies are going to try to carve themselves a new hole to leave through, I’ll start cutting so they can make a cleaner exit.”

“Do you think there’s a risk of that? Clawing their way out?”

“We’re talking about demons here, not Labrador puppies, so I wouldn’t rule it out.”

Will played it off nonchalantly, but he looked wary.

Hannibal didn’t like to spend time worrying about things he couldn’t change, and he very rarely was visited by an emotion of true fear. Discomfort, disgust, apprehension—yes. But seeing Will actually looking a bit concerned, and knowing that there was an inevitable day when the oversized offspring would be coming out no matter how poorly shaped he was for it, started to build that fear inside him.

He was sure they were ready to come out any day now. The babies seemed active and alert inside him, and his body was pushed to its furthest limits. He was covered in stretchmarks, and now that Will had brought up the potential of a non-conventional birth, he began to have nightmares that his skin tore apart at those seams and the creatures broke out of him as if they were cracking open an egg.

And the fear fluctuated. He would feel a stomach cramp and get a surge of panic that this was the moment of reckoning, but when time passed and it turned into nothing earth-shattering, he felt relief. Then fear building again slowly as he wondered if it would take much longer, and if he could tolerate that. Will hadn’t been certain about the gestation period, and Hannibal felt so ready to have this over with that the possibility that he might have to wait longer, perhaps a month or two longer, was horrifying. Less because of the prolonged torture—because he was certain Will would find new ways to torture him after the birth, regardless—and more because he wondered how much larger the babies could grow before birth. Surely the sooner they were out, the better.

He was less and less fond of his milking sessions, too overwhelmed with discomfort to appreciate the arousal of it, but he didn’t complain, because it was the only way to stop his breasts from feeling painfully engorged. And at least when it had wrung every last ounce of energy out of him, he was sometimes able to get some rest.

But today it was different. The suction took hold and began drawing out milk, and Will jostled his anal plug and cajoled him into orgasm as usual. But his orgasm didn’t come and quickly fade away. Instead, the tight clenching through his stomach intensified, doubling down until it turned into pain. He’d had some cramps like this recently, false contractions, but this felt different.

“Will,” he gasped, “I think it’s…”

Will wordlessly disconnected him from the milking machine. He put a hand on Hannibal's belly and nodded. "It may start slow, but it's happening now."

It was slow at first, but it wasn't long until he was he was in full labor and could feel the baby descending. And then he had to push and push, and for ages it felt like barely anything was happening from it.

Until Will, peering between his legs, announced, "I can see a hoof coming out."

And then, after a minute of straining, "Got another one."

Hannibal didn't know if he should be relieved or concerned, but after too long straining with no sign of progress, he started to tilt toward concerned.

He felt like he was gaping, stretched open—how could there still only be two hooves? Will stuck his hand inside and felt around, and the look on his face wasn't encouraging.

With a frown, Will said, "It's hard to tell for sure whether they're front or back hooves without a better visual or clear knowledge of the baby's anatomy. I'd normally expect to feel a head not far behind, but I'm not sure how different anatomy might change that. Shorter necks, that sort of thing. I…" He paused as Hannibal groaned through another contraction. His muscles were sore, but what was worse was the dull pain of his pelvis, the pressure on it almost unbearable as the baby tried to stretch him wider to exit.

Will shifted and reached further inside him, and exhaled long and hard. "Shit. That definitely feels like a tail."

Hannibal wasn't thinking clearly enough to fully understand the ramifications of this; he was tired, in pain, and still reeling on some level from the part of his brain that was certain that this should not be happening to him, it shouldn't be *possible*. Pregnancy or birth alone, let alone birth of a hooved creature. "Meaning?" he managed, when Will didn't elaborate.

"It's a breech birth. If this wasn't demons, it would range from a little concerning to pretty fucking dangerous, depending on species. In humans it's a lot easier if you get the head out first because it's the widest part of a baby, and even in quadrupeds where it's not, you worry about asphyxiation and umbilical cord trauma from the twisted position."

"And in demons?"

"Less dangerous. Probably. Asphyxiation isn't a concern, but demon babies aren't completely immune from danger. But usually what you worry about is them being hurt by other demons; purebred demons usually have straightforward enough births that I don't have the precedent to know how worried I should be. Try not to push right now, I'll see if I can rotate this one while it's still inside, but…"

Will went silent as he tried to manipulate the thing inside him, and Hannibal gritted his teeth. The additional movement and pressure hurt, and he didn't understand how there could be enough space inside him to rotate it successfully.

Will shook his head. “Too cramped. I’m going to try lifting your hips to see if I can get it to slide back and fall into a better position, but since it has a twin…”

He raised Hannibal’s hips with ease, reminding the priest once more of how strong the demon was as he shifted support onto just one arm, despite Hannibal’s currently overwhelming bulk, and used the other to press inside. He sighed and set Hannibal back flat on the bed.

“Alright. I think the twin behind it is restricting its movement too much for that to work.” He gave Hannibal a long, considering look as he went through another contraction, unable to stop it.

He gave Hannibal a soft pat on his belly, in a gesture that might have seemed reassuring if it had come from anyone else, but just filled Hannibal with dread.

“Even if the babies aren’t in danger,” Will said, “we could be here all day without making a hell of a lot more progress. I’m not sure they have enough space to pass through your pelvis if they aren’t in an ideal position.”

“And what does that mean? You’re not going to cut me open, are you?” The idea of going through that, without anesthetic, when he had already drained so much of his energy and pain tolerance, seemed unbearable.

“No. But you’re still really not going to like this.”

Will crouched down, reached slightly inside him with both hands, and started to push them in opposite directions, until the palms of his hands pressed against the hard line of Hannibal’s pelvic bone.

The pressure intensified and Hannibal suddenly had a glimmer of Will’s intention, and he was choked with panic, but Will simply said, “Just hang in there.”

And with the demon’s full strength, he pried Hannibal apart until his pelvis fractured and split wide open.

Hannibal was only aware of the blinding pain for a second; he barely had time to unleash a hoarse scream before it was simply too much for him to handle.

Then he fell into darkness.

Twins

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal takes care of the babies and Will denies him an outlet for his growing sexual frustration.

Chapter Notes

> Where these babies are involved, this is going to be on the milder side of the approaches monster breeding smut can take, and the most that happens is some frustrated arousal during nursing. Undecided if they might play another role once they've grown up, but that's still a while into the future.

If Hannibal was conscious at all for the rest of the birth, it was too hazy to recognize as reality. The next time he was self-aware, his pelvis was throbbing and there were two furry warm lumps resting on top of his stomach.

He squinted, raising his head slightly to try to see what kind of creatures they were. He was surprised to see that among dark grey and brownish fur, there were at least some human features.

He heard rustling from across the room, and Will came into sight, looking at him considerately.

"You were out for quite a while," he said. "Sorry about the pelvis. If it makes you feel any better, I think the healing process has already begun, so you should be better in no time. If I hadn't broken it, I'm not sure how I would've gotten them out."

Hannibal nodded shortly. Painful though it had been, and still was to a lesser extent, there was some mercy in being unconscious for the final stages. "I understand." He looked down at the fluffy creatures again, and he didn't ask the question, but Will answered it anyway.

"Both healthy. Started nursing while you were still unconscious, no trouble."

One of the lumps wiggled a little, and Will smiled and picked it up, holding it closer to Hannibal's face for him to see. It was mostly human-shaped, but with legs that looked distinctly more deer-like with tiny hooves at the end and a short tail. Dark steely grey fuzz covered its legs and part of its torso and there was little bit of even darker hair on top of its

head, which looked mostly human, except for elk-like ears and skin that was unnaturally grey.

“I’m calling this one Silenos,” Will said fondly. “He’s been very precocious. Not able to walk or crawl yet like an elk could, but he can roll himself around a little bit. And he has more down feathers than I expected.”

The little creature blinked its big dark red eyes at Hannibal, then reached out his little arms and flailed them in his direction. Will laughed and set him down on Hannibal’s chest, and Hannibal reflexively put out a hand to stabilize the little thing. It seemed content there, lying face down and bopping its tiny hands against his chest occasionally.

Its twin also began to move, perhaps curious about the commotion, and Will picked it up too, though a bit more careful about how he did so. Once it was cradled in Will’s arms, Hannibal could see this one had three sets of limbs: one set of normal human arms at the top, and two sets of furry hooved legs below. Ashy brown fur covered most of its body, even some of its face, though much like its brother it had greyish skin beneath. In contrast, its eyes were pitch black. It was still floppy like a newborn child, and from its position Hannibal couldn’t tell if its configuration of limbs was like that of a centaur, or if it would be able to stand on its hind legs and have an extra set of arms.

“This one’s a bit more unusual,” Will said, “so we’ll have to wait to see how he ends up moving. But I’ve named him Ixion. He has a set of lungs on him, at least.”

Will gave an affectionate little scratch to Ixion’s belly, and the baby demonstrated by giving a sudden and startling bleat, like a goat. And Will was right—for a creature that was still quite small by the standards of its hooved relatives, its voice was belting.

In the distance, he could hear a hound bark in response.

Hannibal felt a pit of dread in his stomach, suddenly remembering what Will had said about breeding him to his hounds “not long” after he was done birthing.

The fear must have shown on his face, because Will said, “I won’t breed you to my hounds until you’re all healed up and rested and the babies are settled, if that’s what you’re worried about.”

While that was reassuring on one level, it was still not what Hannibal wanted to hear. But it would have been foolish to think that Will could have taken pity on him after the turmoil of the pregnancy and birth and chosen to release him.

Will seemed to know what he was thinking. “You already knew this was just the first of many. But it will get easier over time.”

Even now, Hannibal didn’t know if that reassurance made it better, or worse.

Hannibal didn't mind the babies as much as he'd expected to. Maybe his altered body had also thrown some bonding hormones into the mix, or maybe it was simply comforting to interact with anything that looked even vaguely human and wasn't Will. They were reasonably affectionate, and even cute when they rolled around and babbled at him. And to his relief, despite their enthusiastic consumption of milk, they didn't produce waste, so there was no need for changing diapers—Will informed him that demon bodies were more efficient and the babies simply converted all consumed materials into energy and physical growth.

But the process of that milk consumption, on the other hand, was turning out to be more of a problem.

It was completely Will's fault. Weeks and weeks of conditioning him to associate milking with sexual pleasure and his only permitted orgasms, and it was no surprise that he found himself awkwardly aroused during feeding time. As soon as one latched on and started suckling, he had to swallow a moan and try any mental exercise he could to distract himself from the part of him that wanted to writhe and beg for more stimulation. It was frankly mortifying.

He accused Will of being responsible for this on just the second day after birth, when both babies were nursing and Hannibal had gotten a very obvious erection that Will stared at pointedly, and the demon had just laughed. "I think you're forgetting *why* I decided to link your milkings to orgasms in the first place. You got turned on the very first time I suckled from your teat and you were begging me to touch you by the time I was done milking you. I might have encouraged it, but you were the one who was the horny bitch to start with. It's not my fault you're a natural broodmare."

Even now this made Hannibal cringe, but he didn't argue it.

"If I can't avoid this arousal, then at least give me some relief from it. You could wait until the babies are done drinking, and then—"

Will gave him a very stern look. "No. Motherhood comes first, Hannibal. I can't indulge your sexual whims while your babies need your care and supervision. And don't touch yourself, either." He added the last part with just enough force that Hannibal was aware of the demon's power compelling him.

So he didn't. Not during feedings, not in between feedings, not even when the babies were sound asleep. Instead, Hannibal had to endure the frustration of frequent arousal with absolutely no outlet. For the moment, frustration was all it was. Maybe it was frustrating enough to want to kick a hole in the wall, but that was it. He'd spent many years in celibacy; if he could tolerate that, he could tolerate this. It just wasn't easy.

Will still gave him his daily dose of demon cum, of course, to keep him healthy. It was always quick and perfunctory, just a brief interlude while the babies napped soundly. But it was enough to tease him further, feeling the thick warmth of his cocks in his mouth and wondering how they would feel inside him. Those nubs rubbing against his prostate. Either one inside him and one rutting beneath against his balls, or both of them splitting him astoundingly wide open. He had once thought it was a relief that Will only used him for oral rather than anal, but now it was another frustration.

His pelvis healed up in a matter of days—it stopped creaking when he shifted, and he was able to stand without severe pain. But it was different. It had been a long time since he'd been able to see his own pelvis beneath his expanded stomach, but he knew his body, and it was different.

"Did you try to reset my pelvis into its old shape, once you got the babies out?" he asked Will. He knew the answer, but he still wanted to hear it. It was his body, he had a right to know what changes were made to it without his consent.

Will raised an eyebrow. "That would have been counterproductive, don't you think? No. I left a gap between the halves of it, so your body could knit itself back together in a shape better suited for childbirth. It seems to have worked well, though I suspect that's why you were unconscious for as long as you were. Building bone is more complicated than just sealing pieces of it back together again."

"How wide of a gap?"

"An inch or two, I think. Hard to be certain when it's still covered with skin. I could have tried further so you have a better shot birthing anything larger, but I wasn't certain how quickly it would mend in the first place. And if you hadn't had the babies coming out and keeping you stretched open for a little while, it might have just snapped back into place anyway."

A pelvis that was wider by only a couple inches was one of the more subtle changes that had been made to him, but it felt more permanent. After the birth, his belly had sunken back into place, though the skin looked loose and flabby compared to what it had been. Once he was done nursing these twins, the milk would no longer swell his chest, and the extra nipples might fade. But this was bone. It wasn't caused by some kind of vague genetic compatibility magic, it was caused by a break and growth of new bone. If he ever escaped Will, he would be left with the knowledge that his bones had been permanently altered to make him a more efficient broodmare.

But it was hard to spend long lamenting his fate when he had more pressing concerns.

The feedings were harder and harder to get through. It became clear the babies weren't drinking as much milk as he was producing, and he needed to manually pump the excess to stop his breasts from getting painfully engorged. After a week unsatisfied, every feeding left Hannibal a desperate, needy mess. It was so intense that Hannibal thought for a while that eventually he could be able to come just from the nursing, but Will dashed that hope to the ground by compelling him very specifically not to come at all.

If Will had allowed it, he would have used even the most humiliating methods to get off. He would have humped his dirty shoe. He would have fucked himself in front of a crowd. And of course, the natural candidate for "humiliating ways to get off" came in the form of a hellhound. Most importantly, Will had made it clear that even if he stimulated Hannibal at other times, the only time Hannibal would be allowed to reach orgasm was if he was being milked or bred, and he made it equally clear that nursing wouldn't count as one of those situations as long as the babies were involved. So if he wanted more than just more torturous stimulation without relief, he needed to be bred.

He didn't want to ask how long until Will gave him to the hellhounds, as if he was looking forward to it. But despite himself, he was. It meant he would get a knot inside him, it would put all that pressure against his prostate and he was certain it would make him come, especially as wound up as he was now.

But another week passed, and still no hellhounds.

"Will you breed me soon?" he asked, trying to sound casual, even concerned.

Will raised an eyebrow. "Do you feel ready to breed?"

"I feel adequately healed. And the twins are settled, they can tolerate me leaving for long enough to be bred." It was a slight sidestep, but he felt it had the relevant information.

"Hmm," was all Will said in response.

Another week. The babies were already crawling a little, human milestones clearly meaning nothing to them. Most of the floor had been cleared to make room for an assortment of toys, but there was still a bed of straw to the side, and Ixios used his newfound crawling ability to go and nest in it, pulling straw into a little cocoon around himself. Though "crawling" might have been the wrong word for it—he was sometimes able to hold his head and front shoulders upright while he did, like a very awkward centaur, but he didn't seem to have the upper body strength to manage it for long. It was a bit alarming to see him proceeding across the floor on six limbs, but at least it was a distraction. Hannibal needed distractions. He found himself fussing over the infants just to try to take his mind off the arousal that never fully ebbed after a feeding.

Caring for the twins was also frankly more interesting than anything else he'd done in the last year. They were strange creatures, and he still felt a disconnect from the idea that they were *his* flesh and blood, no less his than if he'd fathered a human child, but they certainly weren't boring. And they seemed to like him.

Still, the distraction wasn't adequate. He was always aware he had that undercurrent of unresolved arousal, especially when Will was in the room with him and met his eyes and he remembered his commands. And the feedings were still torturous. He ended up moaning softly despite himself at the relentless suction. And Will watched him with what felt like judgment, even though the demon was probably just curious about Hannibal's responses.

"Will you breed me soon?" Hannibal asked again.

"Are you ready to breed?"

"Yes. I'm ready." No evasions this time.

"Hmm."

"Will, please."

"Please, what?"

He couldn’t ask for it directly. It was absolutely demeaning. If he begged for it, he’d lost, his life was over, the last of his human dignity swept away so he could become the mindless breeding machine Will wanted.

“I want you to breed me,” he said, trying to phrase it as a simple statement of fact rather than a plea. He wasn’t able to meet Will’s eyes even without begging directly.

“Of course you do, sweetie. Soon, I promise.”

Even though Will had done absolutely nothing more than acknowledge his desire and repeated the same vague thing he’d said before the birth, it made him hopeful.

Then another week passed, with nothing to suggest Will was any closer to having him breed, and Hannibal felt like he was losing his mind. Now at a month old, the babies had grown significantly. They drank more milk, extending the torture and switching between nipples as they began to drink each teat dry, and they kneaded at the flesh beneath to try to extract every drop.

Hannibal forced himself not to ask again, hoping that Will’s promise was genuine. Surely the demon was eager to see him breed. But he knew that Will’s desire couldn’t possibly be as strong as his own desperation, and it put him at a disadvantage. Will could wait, but Hannibal couldn’t. Not for much longer, at least. He had strong willpower, but it was still finite. He could be pushed too far, and he would be soon.

Then he realized Will was never going to announce it was breeding time, because the demon knew as well as he did that he was rapidly approaching a breaking point, and he wouldn’t want to miss the satisfaction of seeing it.

It was practically inevitable now. But he would strain to hold onto even the tiniest shred of dignity for as long as he could.

Prostration

Chapter Summary

Hannibal makes his plea and learns a new way to take a knot.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The breaking point was barely a week later, when Hannibal ended up in tears after a feeding. He was exhausted, his teats sore and swollen, his cock leaking without relief and his balls painful and concerningly discolored. He wasn't just desperate, he was seriously hurting and tired of pointless resistance.

He knew what he had to do, and he had to do it quickly, while he was still borderline delirious from sexual frustration, or he wouldn't have the nerve. And the babies would settle in to nap after their feeding and could be left alone for a short while.

He waited only until his eyes dried so he wouldn't give Will the satisfaction of seeing him cry, then left the babies tucked in and went outside to find Will, where he still often sat with the hellhounds around the firepit. The hounds weren't allowed into the house anymore so they wouldn't disturb the babies, but they were loyal to Will and were usually nearby.

Sure enough, Will was sitting on a log and patting a hound on the head. He looked up when Hannibal approached, face neutral, though surely he knew why he was here.

Hannibal walked up to him and dropped onto his knees. He was already going to be humiliating himself and it seemed absurd to stand tall and say what he was going to say, as if claiming to still be a human with dignity. And part of him hoped it would appease the demon. Anything to convince him to agree, even if it took the sight of Hannibal's open submission.

"Will," he said, voice choked. "Please. I'm ready to breed, and I want it, and I can't stand it any longer. Please breed me."

Will reached out and smoothed his hand over Hannibal's hair.

"That's it," he said gently. "I'm so proud of you, Hannibal."

Hannibal shivered. He didn't like this. He didn't like being here on his knees, or Will's condescending praise, or the never-ending horniness, or feeling like he'd been cornered and manipulated until he gave in. But it was also a relief to finally bend to the unbearable pressure and a comfort to know his actions were received well. Those feelings clashed with his profound discomfort, and before he knew it there were again tears in his eyes.

“Don’t cry, sweetheart. There’s nothing wrong in asking for what you need. And that is what you need, isn’t it? You don’t just want it, you *need* to be bred.”

Hannibal nodded helplessly. “Please,” he repeated again, just a whisper.

“Alright. I’ll trust you when you say you’re ready. But you’ll have to wait at least another day so we can make sure you’re fertile for it. Remember how this worked with your last baby daddy?”

“Vaguely,” he said, brow knit. He remembered being sweaty and needy and disoriented in an induced heat, but the early days were so filled with pain from his body rearranging itself to have a womb that he couldn’t remember exactly how Will had done it.

“You need something to trigger it. Scent, pheromones,” Will said. “The babies might not like you being scent-marked by a hound, but they’ve smelled the hounds on me often enough that it shouldn’t spook them. Or you could drink some of the alpha’s cum. I know how much you like that.” He smirked, and Hannibal remembered the humiliating occasion when he’d licked the hound’s cum off the floorboards in the desperate hope that it would ease his withdrawal symptoms. “I’d recommend sucking him off so you get as much into you as you can, try to jump start the process as quick as possible. If not, you might have to try again tomorrow.”

Hannibal had only taken a hound orally twice. The first time was when he had been left with a whole group of hounds and an enterprising one had decided to try mounting his face; the second after the incident with the floorboards, when Will had summoned a hound for him to suck off as a “treat.” He had hated it on both occasions, getting no semblance of physical pleasure and only feeling the threat of suffocation and the humiliation of defacement.

Still, he preferred it to the thought of either soaking in urine all night or having to wait any longer than necessary to get the relief he needed. And though he hated to admit it, he didn’t like the thought of the babies being unsettled by a scent-mark.

“I’ll suck him,” he said. He pretended not to notice Will’s pleased smile, because underneath everything it still made him angry to see, and he couldn’t let resentment get in the way of doing what he needed.

Will whistled, and Hannibal saw Hudson trot toward them, size as daunting as always. He swallowed, suddenly aware that neither hound he’d sucked before had been quite the size of this one. He told himself it didn’t matter, this was what he needed to do.

The fortunate thing was that with a hound this large, he didn’t need to contort himself to fit underneath it and get his mouth around its prick. The blood red tip already protruded from its sheath, Hudson apparently having an inkling of what was happening, and when Hannibal’s hand went to it and began to rub and coax at it, it didn’t take long for the cock to slip out further.

Hannibal’s mouth went around it. The musky scent filled his senses, and he didn’t appreciate it—it was a bit like being smothered, the scent thick and almost smoky. But he knew what to do. He’d sucked off Will enough times by now to know how to do it efficiently, and even

though the shape and angle were different, he thought he could get this over with quickly enough.

But Hudson didn't stand still to let Hannibal suck him to satisfaction. He was a beast with less self-awareness than Will, and all he knew was there was a hot hole on his cock, and instinct told him to fuck it.

So Hannibal's careful ministrations came to a sudden and unpleasant end when Hudson began to hump his face without care. Hannibal choked, the long cock spearing right into his throat and quickly withdrawing and thrusting back in before his gag reflex had time to ease. It was much like the first time had been, albeit less terrifying now that he felt more assured that his demon-infused body was as durable as Will had promised.

After less than a minute of having the hound jackhammering into his throat, his jaw hurt and tears streamed down his face. He wanted to pull back, but he couldn't let Hudson spill outside of him when he needed his cum to trigger a heat cycle, and he didn't think the hound would let him go even if he tried.

The thrusts started to slow, and he relaxed a fraction. The knot was starting to form, and it was too big to get past his teeth, so Hudson wasn't able to get as deep into his mouth. He was able to breathe for a moment.

Then he felt movement beside him.

"Come on," Will said. A hand went to Hannibal's jaw, pulling down gently but firmly. "Open up. Let him knot your mouth."

His voice was so soft that Hannibal didn't hear the compulsion in it—not until his muscles stopped resisting seemingly of their own accord and his jaw somehow, painfully, stretched open another notch, and Hudson's knot slipped past his teeth and into his mouth, and the cock lodged firmly in his throat.

Hannibal panicked. He tried to order his limbs to tear him away, because he was sure he would now suffocate, but they wouldn't listen. He just knelt there, stock still and terrified, as the hound grunted and thrust one final time. Its cock pulsed and cum poured into his throat. He made a choked whimper as he struggled to swallow it down. The knot in his mouth was so large that it crushed his tongue against the floor of his mouth until it couldn't wiggle an inch.

And he realized that just as he'd feared, he couldn't breathe at all. The cock's bulk prevented him from drawing a single breath into his windpipe.

Will patted his shoulder. Hannibal's distress was probably obvious. "It's okay. You're not human anymore, it won't kill you not to breathe for a little while."

And he was right. Hannibal still got some symptoms of oxygen deprivation—some blurriness, haziness, dizziness. His heart slowed in his chest. He felt as if he was going into suspended animation. But he didn't pass out from lack of air, and he didn't die.

Then Hudson, following his usual hound instincts, turned in a way that normally would have put them facing opposite directions while tied together, but now gave Hannibal a shock as he was tugged forward an inch by the knot in his mouth and found himself with his face in the dog's ass.

He closed his eyes, fervently trying to imagine himself in any other position. The previous dogs hadn't successfully knotted his mouth, so this hadn't happened, and now he had a too clear mental picture of exactly what he looked like, naked on his hands and knees with a knot in his mouth and his face against a hellhound's ass.

And he still had the background buzz of arousal that had become constant, and he couldn't help but imagine a creature mounting him while he was prostrated in this way. If it had, he thought it might make this worth the physical discomfort and humiliation, and immediately he hated himself for thinking so. But he wanted it—his body ached, he felt his teats weighted down with milk and imagined how it would feel to have them jostled while something fucked him roughly from behind. It made him want to whine and spread his legs and arch his back like a wanton whore. But he knew Will wouldn't let anything mount him yet, so he stayed as steady as he could.

Will gave him a condescending little pat on his head, and that didn't help matters.

After what seemed like an eternity, the knot finally went down and the cock slipped free of his mouth, and he began coughing and gagging as the sudden motion upset his throat. And thankfully, his lungs were able to resume breathing normally, as if nothing unusual had happened.

When he had regained his breath, Will helped him back up and led him back to his room.

On the bright side, his initially unbearable arousal had dampened slightly from the distractions of fear and deep discomfort. But then the door squeaked and woke up Silenos, and he made a little bleat that Hannibal knew meant he wanted more milk.

With a sigh, he lifted the baby up and held it against his top left nipple, which was marginally less sore than the others. It latched on with glee, and he hissed at the surge of pain and pleasure both.

"Just one more day, Hannibal," Will said. "Try to get some sleep. Yell if you need me to take the babies off your hands for a little while."

One more day. In a sense, that was a relief. This is what he'd been wanting for weeks. *Needing* for weeks. But he also knew what it meant. In a day, he would be bred like an animal because he had begged for it. Anything that happened from then on was his own fault, the result of his untamable desires and failure of self-control.

After so long being teased and denied, he wasn't sure how he would be able to restrain himself from acting with utter shamelessness. He was frightened of what he would become. About what it would mean if tomorrow he acted like a whore and made himself no better than a breeding animal.

He should know by now that he was fighting a losing battle. He had months upon months of evidence to tell him so. Perhaps he had lost the first time he was milked and begged the demon for relief; he had told himself in the following weeks that he was simply making the best of a horrifying situation, that his libido was elevated due to the pregnancy and not his fault, and that there was no reason to make a show of dignity when he had become a bloated, aching incubator for demon spawn. He told himself he needed some semblance of pleasure to make it through.

What was his excuse now? He felt no lingering pain from the pregnancy. His body was changed in ways that made him deeply uncomfortable, yes, but it was not as grossly distorted as it had been when he bore infants too large for his body. He was not being harassed for sex by Will or the hellhounds, which should be a good thing, even if right now he wished otherwise. With the exception of sore teats and an embarrassing level of arousal, his circumstances were actually fairly comfortable. It had been a long time since Will had even degraded him or taunted him about the situation, unless Hannibal had provoked him first—blaming the demon for the fact that he was turned on while nursing, when in retrospect Will was correct in assigning Hannibal the blame, or refusing to ask for what he needed until it escalated into a plea more degrading than it likely would have been if he'd cooperated and made it sooner. In fact, Will had shown some kindness in recent weeks. He had helped with the babies more than Hannibal had even asked and left him in peace when his presence was not welcome. Hannibal still felt manipulated, but he didn't think he could fully blame Will for this particular turn of events.

Perhaps he had simply drifted too far from humanity. As Will pointed out, he was no longer even human on a biological level. He'd spent the last year surrounded only by demons, with the structure and teachings of the Church so very distant.

But he still had enough of his old self inside him that he felt shame in anticipation of what was now to come. He felt dread.

That dread would have to live alongside desire for the next day. Then, what happened would happen.

Chapter End Notes

I was excited to add oral knotting but I'm even more excited for next chapter. ;)

I have a few more chapters planned, then it's a little vague, and I'll have a lot of room to play with various monsters and kinks. Let me know if there's anything you'd particularly like to see, and thanks for your kudos and comments!

Pack Bitch

Chapter Notes

Finally got around to earning a mindbreak tag ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal woke up the next day not feeling much different, and it worried him. With the elk he remembered feeling sweaty and almost sick. Perhaps it was just too soon to expect much of a change. Or perhaps with a different animal, the side effects would be different too.

But he began to feel different as the day went on. A bit hazier. Damp from what he first assumed was sweat collecting at the base of his spine and pooling in his groin, but then realized was the wrong consistency. It was lubrication that his hole now apparently provided for itself. That gave him mixed feelings, because in a way it was a relief, knowing it could ease the way, but it was also another humiliation, another way his body was being changed to become an object for breeding.

His desire began to build even between feedings, and by the third feeding of the day, he had gone beyond arousal, beyond desperation, beyond the persistent ache of pain. More than his cock was ready; his entire body was ready and needing to be caught and pinned and fucked.

He groaned. Ixios was feeding now. He was larger than his brother and drank more, and rather than defaulting to suction he liked to gnaw at Hannibal's teat and yank with his hard gums. It meant the nursing jolted Hannibal's entire breast and was murder on his nipples. But somehow that pain wasn't canceling out the pleasure.

Finally, he couldn't stand it anymore. Ixios wasn't quite done but he wouldn't go hungry, so Hannibal gently pried him away from his chest. Ixios stared at him with huge eyes, affronted, then burst into a wailing bleat.

Hannibal winced and leaned against the wall, setting the baby beside him and petting him as a weak consolation. "Will, I'm ready," he moaned. "I have to go now. I can't last any longer, I can't—"

"You are *not* ready," Will said sharply. "You can't leave your baby crying because you want to go get fucked, no matter how much of a shameless whore you are. I'm not going to breed you unless you can take care of the infants you have already."

Hannibal was aware that months back that would have sounded like a win-win situation: no monster babysitting, no more monster babies. Now the threat felt serious, and he cringed.

Will walked over and picked up Ixios, bringing him up to the same nipple that he had just been torturing, despite Hannibal having three others to choose from that were less red and

swollen.

Ixios latched on enthusiastically, and Hannibal whimpered so loudly it startled the baby into stopping for a few seconds, before resuming his merciless chomping. Hannibal started crying, his hands clawing at the wall and even his feet beginning to kick in pain and frustration.

When Ixios was satisfied, after much too long a time, Will finally set him down and offered Hannibal a hand.

Hannibal was at first not certain he could stand. He felt like jelly. A hot, desperate lump of jelly.

But he was able to get to his feet, and he went with Will outside.

It looked like the whole pack was there, circled around the firepit, and he barely made it a foot out the door before he was falling to his hands and knees, desperate to have one of them mount him. Will gave him a nudge forward with his foot and Hannibal quickly crawled into the midst of the hounds, whining with need. He even arched his back and waved his ass in the air in an active invitation.

The hounds were going mad sniffing, and he was sure they were only staying in place because Will had compelled them to. He could see tails wagging and a few growls. The growls made him moan again, because that sounded like aggression, that sounded like hounds who wanted to leap on him and fuck the living daylights out of him until he was caught on their knots. And that was exactly what he wanted and needed.

“Please,” he said out loud. He didn’t know if he was talking to Will or the hounds. He wiggled his ass in the air again. “Please, I’m ready, please breed me.”

Nothing was happening. What more did Will want from him?

Hannibal’s front end collapsed fully and he groaned as his breasts were crushed beneath him. He sobbed into the dirt. His cock was painfully hard. He felt like he might die if he didn’t get to come soon.

“Please!” He cried out. “Please, God, anything, give me *anything*—”

The blasphemy slipped out before he could stop it, and part of him cringed at that word in this context, but he didn’t feel like he was able to control anything he said now.

He heard a simple command from behind him, past his own whimpers: “Hudson, go.”

And now—yanking a sound from his throat like a yowling cat in heat and spurring a mental stream of blasphemous thanks —the hellhound mounted him and plowed into him without hesitation.

It was heaven. He forgot every image he’d ever had of a serene celestial heaven with sunlight and angel choirs and fluffy clouds; *this* was the true heaven, down on all fours with a hound’s

thick cock rammed into him so hard he saw stars, tits throbbing and nipples rubbing on the ground, all after a month of painful denial that he thought would never end.

His relief was so intense that he was far gone from anything resembling shame. Far gone from anything resembling rational thought, really. The cock was exactly where he needed it to be, he felt it sliding against his neglected prostate, and his painfully hard cock was bouncing against his stomach and already leaking profusely.

It felt so good that he didn't pay attention to the fact that he wasn't coming yet, until the knot popped inside him and the pressure against his prostate was mind-melting.

Part of him was confused why he wasn't shooting cum everywhere; most of him was simply too deep in bliss to care.

He swayed slightly forward and back to feel the tug and press of the knot inside him. Only when the hound pulled free was he able to formulate a question and remember that when Will had compelled him not to come, there had been no expiration date on it.

He whimpered, horrified that this could turn into another torture.

"Will, please, please tell me I can come—" He descended into a moan when another hound mounted him and started fucking. Hannibal was again lost in the intense pleasure, barely able to get out the final words: "you promised… when I'm… bred…"

"You can come when a hound breeds you. Successfully. When its seed reaches your womb and gets you pregnant. Better make sure those hounds get it done fast."

Hannibal just accepted whatever demon magic this implied, that the compelling power would be able to figure out when exactly the conception happens. In this reduced state, Will's order made a kind of primal sense—fuck harder, get bred better, get reward.

So he whined and fucked back against the cock that was already thrusting into him, making the hound over him growl. And in a couple more thrusts it knotted him, and despite the frustration, he was suspended in a hazy cloud. It was good, it was right, it was what he needed.

And then every male in the pack descended on him, circling and sniffing him and snapping at each other for rights to breed him next.

He cried out when another thrust into him without warning. His mouth hung open as he gasped, and a hound in front of him curiously licked over his face, his lips, and into his mouth. He moaned. It didn't taste good, something like old blood, but the motion of a tongue licking against his was thrilling in this state. He licked back, chasing its tongue, desperately seeking the same gesture in return, as if he were a teenager again, drunk and lewdly French kissing a partner while grinding together.

Another knot tugging at him, and he whimpered, mouth going lax and allowing the curious hound in front of him to lick deep into his mouth, all the way back to his tonsils, making him whimper again. It felt obscene. It felt devastatingly invasive and vile. He didn't care. He was

even disappointed when the beast lost interest and wandered away to get in line to fuck him. He wished he had a cock to choke on to distract him from the building sense of frustration without orgasm.

A couple hellhounds nosing beneath him discovered his nipples leaking their sweet milk and began to lap at them. His back arched sharply, jolting the knot inside him, and the irritated hound pulled out before the knot was fully down, adding pain on top of pleasure.

One of the hounds discovered it could get more milk if it tugged with its teeth, and Hannibal began crying out again, on the verge of sobbing from his poor abused teats and increasingly desperate need to come. His belly already felt full from the multiple large loads the hellhounds had given him, and it stretched his womb and put even more pressure where it would pleasure him.

Another cock inside him, nice and thick and juicy and…

"Oh, God," he blasphemed again, feeling like he was stretched paper thin and wound tight enough to snap. He clenched around the cock inside him, hoping it would make it happen faster. He was nothing but an aching screaming body right on the verge and unable to go over. He couldn't think of anything else. He couldn't stop himself from pleading, "God, please. Breed me, please, breed me, breed me now, I need it, I, I—"

The knot came, and then the tangible pulse of the cock inside him as the hound released its cum. This knot felt so big, his prostate was crushed, his eyes were going crossed and he couldn't take it, it was too much, he—

He tipped right over the edge, screaming as his cock finally released and painted his chest with white, and his body shook and spasmed, mind an empty buzzing field of absolutely nothing but the ambient pleasure in every inch of his body.

The first thought to float back into his mind once the knot pulled free and he was jerked back into the present was, *I'm bred.*

It had taken. A puppy inside him, or multiple puppies, more small creatures to make his body balloon grotesquely. Another mark of a beast inside him, a perverse infant filling the womb he was never meant to have. And he didn't care.

In fact, the pleasure was so intense that it made him feel like he even *liked* it. He was so relieved he'd been bred that he could have cried; his face was damp enough that he thought he might have. He'd been bred and it had been ecstasy. He had been rewarded for fulfilling his role. He felt so grateful to the beast that had bred him that he wanted to bow down and offer it his body again, or his mouth—he felt like he could have taken its cock down his throat and just felt a dazed sense of happiness that he had pleased it.

Of course, in the present moment his body was still offered to a much larger group, and it didn't seem like the hellhounds were planning to stop anytime soon.

He was more sensitive when the next cock entered him, but it still felt good and right. Tongues and teeth continued to ply his nipples, and he groaned and writhed and rolled his

hips.

He was surrounded by hot furry bodies licking and nipping and humping him. One found the liquid still dripping from his cock and he keened. It was so much, every inch of his body tingling. He came again, and the hound started lapping at his cock with even more enthusiasm, until it was painful and his body jerked, trying to escape the sensation.

There was no escape. He was trapped on hellhound cock, and even a single step to try to get away would see him tackled to the floor and mated or mauled. Or more likely, both.

But he didn't really want to get away, anyway. All the attention on him felt good, hot tongues on his flesh, deep penetration, thick firm knots. Eventually the pain simply became a fact, a buzzing discomfort over a throbbing pleasure, and he accepted it all.

He accepted every hound's cock, tongue, teeth. Let himself be used until he was gaping open and surely swollen. Tits drunken dry, cock an angry inflamed red. He moaned and panted open-mouthed and sometimes took a hound's tongue in his mouth, and sometimes he licked back weakly. He became nothing but a hot fuckable body, brain buzzing empty.

Eventually the last knot popped out of him with a groan, and only a few lingering nuzzles remained. Front half fallen limp onto the dirt, he stared blankly into the distance, unable to do anything else.

Will crouched down in front of him. It took Hannibal a moment to recognize him, his vision unfocused and blurred, or perhaps his eyes had crossed slightly. He didn't respond to Will's presence any differently than to a hound, leaving his head drooped and mouth open and still panting from exhaustion.

Will stuck a couple fingers in his mouth and Hannibal automatically licked around them like he would a cock or hellhound's tongue. He wasn't dissuaded when Will pushed them back far enough to trigger his gag reflex. He was used to it by now.

Will smiled at him, hooking his fingers behind his teeth and pulling his head up to meet his eyes.

"Look at you, Father," he said, and it took a long beat for Hannibal to remember what Will meant by *Father*, and his forehead furrowed. He didn't like remembering that, not now, not when he was being this *thing*.

"What, don't you like being called that anymore?"

He shook his head, Will's fingers still hooked in his mouth like he was a caught fish.

"Aw, I know. It must be awfully confusing for a breeding bitch like you to have all those memories of being a man. A man people respected and admired. Do you think those people would respect you if they saw you now?"

He shook his head again. His pleasant, blank haze was fading. He felt his body's aches and pains and a throbbing in his chest that he thought had nothing to do with the rough fucking,

but rather with Will's words.

"Of course not. They couldn't see what you really were. You were always a monster, Father, but you weren't good enough. You could never have competed with the real monsters, the ones with claws and fangs and demon blood. When those monsters see you, they know you. They know this is what you were always meant to be, a breeding bitch for your superiors, a pretty little fuck toy for monsters to play with. This is what you always were underneath all those fancy words and pretenses. A monster's bitch."

Hannibal tried to shake his head again, because that went too far, he could never admit he had *always* been this—but this time Will grabbed his jaw and didn't let him.

"Don't deny it. Look at yourself, Hannibal. You asked for this. You begged me for it, you sucked a dog's cock for it and let it knot your throat and suffocate you. You fell to your knees and stuck your ass in the air and begged a pack of animals to fuck and breed you. You wanted your belly full of another baby. You wanted your ass to be fucked raw. And look at you now —a pup in your belly, a few gallons of cum spilling down your legs, mouth smelling like a hellhound's because you couldn't resist tongue-fucking them."

Hannibal squeezed his eyes shut, unable to look at Will. Because he was right, every word he said was true.

Will sighed and patted Hannibal's cheek. "Don't look so despondent. There's no point fighting it, and there never has been. You can't change what you are."

Will stood back up. "I have some of your milk saved, so I'll go give the babies a bottle. I think the hounds probably drank you dry. Clean yourself up and crawl back in whenever you're ready. There's a bucket of water by the door."

Hannibal collapsed until he was completely flat on the forest floor, not caring that he was further covering himself in filth. He just lay there, drifting in and out of sleep, until the cool wind convinced him it was time to return inside.

Standing made more cum pour out of him, and he winced. He hated that Will's assessment had been so accurate. There was a washcloth with the water, but it was frankly inadequate for the state he was in. Even if he'd had a full shower, that would have only gotten the surface. If he couldn't scrub out his insides, he couldn't be clean. And he realized he would never be clean again. It would be this cycle over and over again, one creature barely out of his womb before he's being defiled again. Even *asking* to be defiled. He would slip further and further into this depravity until no part of his self remained, all corroded by these monsters and their various bodily fluids.

For the first time in a while, he wondered about trying to run away. Will had threatened his hands if he tried it, long ago when Hannibal had first gotten here. At the time, the thought had been unbearably horrifying. Now he didn't know if it truly made much difference. He was losing himself anyway, and if this was to be his life, would it truly matter if he had that limitation placed upon all the others?

He was sore and tired and despairing. He did the best he could to clean himself, then returned inside to the babies.

Chapter End Notes

Will might say that he just wants Hannibal to accept his place, but he sure as hell has a sadistic streak too. Just couldn't miss the opportunity to rub it in.

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